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THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;
Containing all his
ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOLUME THE FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

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O F T H E
F O U R T H V O L U M E.

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The F A B L E of
I P H I S A N D I A N T H E.
From the Ninth Book of
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps thro' Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood, }
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood:
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear, }
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctance)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.

Yet Telethufa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.

2 I P H I S AND I A N T H E.

Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
 And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
 When slumbring, in the latter shades of night,
 Before th' approaches of returning light,
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
 A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
 Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
 And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
 A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
 The dog, and dappled bull were waiting by;
 Osiris, fought along the banks of Nile;
 The silent God; the sacred Crocodile;
 And, last, a long procession moving on,
 With timbrels, that assist the lab'ring moon.
 Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
 She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake.
 My votary, thy babe from death defend,
 Nor fear to save whate'er the Gods will send.
 Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
 When danger calls, repose thy trust on me;
 And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless Deity.
 This promise made, with night the Goddess fled:
 With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
 Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
 And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
 Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
 'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
 With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
 Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
 And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
 The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
 The father paid his vows as for a son;
 And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
 Which either sex with equal right may claim.

Iphis his grandfire was ; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd :
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.

Ianthe was his choice ; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis cou'd compare ;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more blest'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd: for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.

Their age the same, their inclinations too ;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care ;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone :
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief ;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire ;
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas, said she,
What issue of my love remains for me !
How wild a passion works within my breast !
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd !
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve,
And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment :

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

Not this unkindly curse ; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shews no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire ;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire :
The father of the fold supplies his ewes ;
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues ;
And birds for mates the males of their own species
choose.

Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game :
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am !
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd :
Her passion was extravagantly new :
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a diff'rent shape ;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Shou'd all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthé to a boy ?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain ;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire ;
No jealous husband hinders our desire ;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

3

All things concur to prosper our design ;
 All things to prosper any love but mine.
 And yet I never can enjoy the fair ;
 'Tis past the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
 Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be ;
 Our parents with our own desires agree ;
 But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
 Refuses her assistance to my love ;
 She sets the bar that causes all my pain :
 One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
 And now the happy day is just at hand,
 To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band :
 Our hearts, but not our bodies : Thus accurs'd,
 In midst of water I complain of thirst.
 Why comest thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
 To bless a bed defrauded of delights ?
 And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
 To see two brides in cold embraces lie ?

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns ;
 With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
 Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
 To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
 And strives to interpose some new delay :
 Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
 For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
 But having done whate'er she could devise,
 And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
 The time approach'd ; the next ensuing day
 The fatal secret must to light betray.
 Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
 She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair ;
 Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
 Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

● I P H I S A N D I A N T H E .

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
 Who sway'ft the fceptre of the Pharian ifle,
 And feven-fold falls of difemboguing Nile;
 Relieve, in this our laft diftrefs, ſhe ſaid,
 A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
 Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my fight;
 Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light;
 I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
 With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
 The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
 And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
 Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
 Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
 That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
 From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
 On thy protection all our hopes depend:
 Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy pow'r defend.

Her tears purſu'd her words, and while ſhe ſpoke
 The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
 The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
 Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
 The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
 The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring ſound.

Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
 Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
 Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
 But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
 The whitenefs of her ſkin forſook her face;
 Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
 Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
 And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
 Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
 Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
 The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
 To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.

The

I P H I S A N D I A N T H E.

The maid becomes a youth ; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear :
The votive tables this inscription wear ;
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.

Now when the star of day had shewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love ;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid ;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION and the STATUE.

From the Tenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætidæ, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYgmalion loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife :
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleased to want a consort of his bed :
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill ;
And carv'd in iv'ry such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work ; but in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores ; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been ;
One wou'd have thought she cou'd have stirr'd ; but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit ;

He

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
 And still the more he knows it, loves the more :
 The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
 Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
 Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
 And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
 'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
 And the cold lips return a kiss unripe :
 But when retiring back, he look'd again,
 To think it iv'ry was a thought too mean ;
 So wou'd believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
 Again embrac'd her naked body o'er ;
 And straining hard the statue, was afraid
 His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid :
 Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
 So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind :
 With flatt'ry now he seeks her mind to move,
 And now with gifts, the pow'rful bribes of love :
 He furnishes her closet first ; and fills
 The crowded shelves with rarities of shells ;
 Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
 And all the sparkling stones of various hue :
 And parrots, imitating human tongue,
 And singing-birds in silver cages hung ;
 And ev'ry fragrant flower, and od'rous green,
 Were sort'd well, with lumps of amber laid between :
 Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
 Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck :
 Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
 And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waste,
 Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
 Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best.
 Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
 With coverings of Sidonian purple spread :
 The solemn rites perform'd he calls her bride,
 With blandishments invites her to his side,

And

16 PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine, he wou'd have said,
But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd, }
Give me the likeness of my iv'ry maid.

The golden Goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in chearful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies, }
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.
The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft at ev'ry touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame to use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain, }
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein,

Convinc'd,

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE. 11

Convinc'd, o'erjoyed, his studied thanks and praise,
To her who made the miracle, he pays :
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kifs sincere :
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with furprife.
The Goddefs present at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born ;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.



CINYRAS

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Out of the Tenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this story with the former : for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last : the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian ; and his country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen ;
But Cinyras, who like his fire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a fire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire :
I sing of horror ; and, could I prevail,
You shou'd not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment :
Since nature cou'd behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years ?
How can the land be call'd so blest'd that Myrrha bears ? }

Not

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

13

Not all her od'rous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime :
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart ;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy fire, had merited a curse :
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed :
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said :
Ah Myrrha ! whither wou'd thy wishes tend ?
Ye Gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast !
But is it sin ? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd sin ? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man !
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride ;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more falacious goat, to rut their dam ?
The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind.
But man a slave of his own making lives ;
The fool denies himself what nature gives :
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,

Have

14 CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
 Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
 And own no laws, but those which love ordains :
 Where happy daughters with their fires are join'd,
 And piety is doubly paid in kind.
 O that I had been born in such a clime,
 Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime !
 But whither wou'd my impious fancy stray ?
 Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away !
 His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
 But with the love that daughters bear to fires,
 Then had not Cinyras my father been,
 What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen ?
 But the perverseness of my fate is such,
 That's he's not mine, because he's mine too much :
 Our kindred-blood debars a better tie ;
 He might be nearer, were he not so high.
 Eyes and their objects never must unite,
 Some distance is requir'd to help the sight :
 Fain wou'd I travel to some foreign shore,
 Never to see my native country more,
 So might I to myself myself restore ;
 So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
 And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
 To talk, to kiss ; and more, if more I might :
 More, impious maid ! What more canst thou design,
 To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
 And break all statutes human and divine ?
 Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
 Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife ?
 Confound so many sacred names in one,
 Thy brother's mother ! sister to thy son !
 And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal bands,
 Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

15

Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair ?
But thou in time th' increasing ill controul,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul ;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' attempt were vain ;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane :
Observant of the right ; and O, that he
Cou'd cure my madness, or be mad like me !
Thus she ; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer ?
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd : and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender fire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden-modesty ;
And dry'd the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd :
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter shou'd ;
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best ; she answer'd, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still :
The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and cou'd not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night when slumbers close
Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose ;
But no repose cou'd wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind :

Mad

16 CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Mad with desire she ruminates her sin,
 And wishes all her wishes o'er again :
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ;
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not why ;
 Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow ;
 Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how :
 As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
 And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
 This way and that she nods, considering where to fall :
 So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
 Takes ev'ry bent, but cannot long abide :
 Irresolute on which she should rely,
 At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die :
 On that sad thought she rests ; resolv'd on death,
 She rises, and prepares to choak her breath :
 Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
 Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries ;
 For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee :
 Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause ;
 This said, about her neck the noose she draws.
 The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
 Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
 And sighs and hollow sounds : surpris'd with fright,
 She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light :
 Unlocks the door, and entring out of breath,
 The dying saw, and instruments of death ;
 She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
 And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd :
 Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
 What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
 To lothe her life, and languish in despair !
 The maid, with down-cast eyes, and mute with grief,
 For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,

Stood

Stood sullen to her suit: the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside;
The nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd;
Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More pow'rful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd:
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursu'd her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experienc'd age shall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And, threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And to conceal her blushes, hid her head:

There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
 To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
 Remaining still importunate to know:
 Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
 I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
 What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to name.
 At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
 And trembling both with age, and terror, stands;
 Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
 Sooths her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
 To tell the crime intended, or disclose
 What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
 And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
 Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon oppress'd
 With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast
 Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd:
 Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
 The fault'ring tongue its office still deny'd:
 At last her veil before her face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
 O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
 Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman shook,
 Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
 Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
 Made (to her grief) more knowing than she wou'd.
 Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
 To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
 In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
 Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
 Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
 She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.
 At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
 Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
 Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
 Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy fire.

Live, tho' unhappy, live on any terms :
'Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear ;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Off'ring first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain :
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd ;

The royal couch now vacant for a time,

The crafty crone, officious in her crime,

The curst occasion took : the king she found

Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,

Prepar'd for love : the beldame blew the flame,

Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.

Her form she prais'd ; the monarch ask'd her years,

And she reply'd, the same that Myrrha bears.

Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought ;

Impatient, he commands her to be brought.

Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,

And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.

Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear ;

But clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere :

So various, so discordant is the mind,

That in our will, a different will we find.

Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust ;

For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night : Arctophylax had driv'n

His lazy wain half round the northern heav'n,

When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd ;

The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd ;

The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,

And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.

Icarius first withdraws his holy flame :

The virgin-sign, in heaven the second name,

Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
 And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
 Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent :
 She stumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event ;)
 Thrice shriek'd the fun'ral owl, yet on she went,
 Secure of shame, because secure of fight ;
 Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
 Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice, and the dame,
 Their way exploring, to the chamber came :
 The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
 Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay ;
 Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes ;
 Her faint knees knock at ev'ry step she makes.
 The nearer to her crime, the more within
 She feels remorse, and horror of her sin ;
 Repents too late her criminal desire,
 And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
 Her ling'ring thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
 The fatal secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
 And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own :
 Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
 The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
 His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets ;
 He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
 With maiden modesty, against her love ;
 And sought with flatt'ring words vain fancies to remove.
 Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
 (Because the title suited with her years ;)
 And, Father, she might whisper him again,
 That names might not be wanting to the sin.
 Full of her fire, she left th' incestuous bed,
 And carry'd in her womb the crime she bred :
 Another, and another night she came ;
 For frequent sin had left no sense of shame :

Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper ; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime, and criminal to fight :
Grief, rage, amazement, cou'd no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword ;
The guilty fled : the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent ;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns ; at length
With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd
Sabæan fields affords her needful rest :
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd.
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r ;
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment :
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below ;
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain ;
At least, she did her last request obtain ;
For while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs :
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide :
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood ;

Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And tho' with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to breath the bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring woman, wou'd have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning
wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with ev'ry grace:
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow:

CINYRAS and MYRRHA.

23

And that their arms no diff'rence might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past :
So swift are years : the babe, whom just before
His grandfire got, and whom his sister bore ;
The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd ;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears ;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.



C 4

CEYX

CEYX and ALCYON E.

Out of the Tenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star) and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode ;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road,
Yet could not he from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.

Tell

C E Y X and A L C Y O N E.

25

Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
 Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
 Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone!
 Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
 And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
 What can thy mind to this long journey move,
 Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
 Yet, if thou goest by land, tho' grief possess
 My soul even then, my fears will be the less.
 But ah! be warn'd to shun the watry way,
 The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
 For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
 And empty tombs erected on the banks.
 Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
 Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,
 Can with a breath a clam'rous rage appease,
 They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
 Not so, for once, indulg'd, they sweep the main:
 Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
 But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
 And not content with seas insult the shore;
 When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
 And rooted forests fly before their rage:
 At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
 And lightnings run across the fields above:
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
 While yet a child, within my father's court:
 In times of tempest they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the throne:
 The more I know, the more my fears augment,
 And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
 But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
 If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
 Go not without thy wife, but let me bear,
 My part of danger with an equal share,
 And present suffer what I only fear:

Then

Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart :
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He wou'd not to the seas expose his wife ;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But fought by arguments to sooth her pain ;
Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won :
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heav'n allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails ;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to lanch ; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell ;
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main ;
She took the sign ; and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd face ; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes ;
The galley born from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forfaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then

CEYX and ALCYONE.

27

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watry war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails: the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labor, laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suff'ring seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:

At

At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries :
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden show :
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take :
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds ;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky ;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light :
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as batt'ring rams a fort :
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears against his prey ;
Sidelong to seize : or unapal'd with fear
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds with added pow'r
Assaults the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.

The planks, their pitchy cov'rings wash'd away,
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends,
One rising, falling one ; the heav'ns and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light :
Darkness and tempest make a double night.

But

But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring shout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate. }
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate, }
And calls those happy whom their fun'ral wait. }
This wretch with pray'rs and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;

He

He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his fight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round ; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts ; and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below ;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And tofs'd on seas: press'd with the pond'rous blow
Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below :
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain ;
But yet his comfort is his greater care ;
Alcyone he names amidst his pray'r,
Names as a charm against the waves, and wind ;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind :
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From pray'rs to wishes he descends at last ;
That his dead body wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulph of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair,
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring Alcyone below the waves :
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with tears ;

And

And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear :
And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flatt'ring her heart with joys that never were to come :
She fum'd the temples with an od'rous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct :
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part ;
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,
The rest dispers'd by winds were lost in air.

But she, the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held :
Then Iris thus bespoke ; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm :
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies :)

Then

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy God ;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon :
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky ;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day :
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace :
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry ;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps ;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow ;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains :
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted :
Black was the cov'ring too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad :
About his head fantastick visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms ; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away :

The

The God disturb'd with this new glare of light,
 Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
 And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
 And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin :
 At length shook off himself ; and ask'd the dame,
 (And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came ?

To whom the Goddess thus : O sacred Rest,
 Sweet pleasing sleep, of all the pow'rs the best !
 O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day, }
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away ! }
 Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
 The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
 And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
 The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report :
 Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
 She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
 Unable to support the fumes of sleep :
 But fled returning by the way she went,
 And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The God uneasy till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain ;
 And, tho' against his custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd :
 Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
 The shape of man, and imitated best ;
 The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
 The habit mimic, and the mien bely ;
 Plays well, but all his action is confin'd ;
 Extending not beyond our human kind.
 Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
 And dreadful images, and monster shapes :
 This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
 The Gods have nam'd ; but men Phobeter call :

A third is Phantafus, whose actions roll
 On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
 Earth, fruits, and flow'rs, he represents in dreams,
 And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
 These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble commons play:
 Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
 Which done, the lazy monarch overwatch'd
 Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
 Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the dæmon glides for flight prepar'd,
 So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
 To Trachin, swift as thought, the sitting shade
 Through air his momentary journey made:
 Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
 Forfakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
 And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
 Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
 And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
 Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
 And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
 The briny water dropping from his hairs;
 Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
 And hollow voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Know'st thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
 Or are my features perish'd with my life?
 Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
 Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
 Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
 The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
 And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
 Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
 And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
 Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
 I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.

Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
 Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford :
 But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord. }

Thus said the player-god ; and adding art
 Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
 She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
 That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
 She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
 She sigh'd, she wept ; and sleeping beat her breast :
 Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
 Her clasping arms inclose but empty air :
 At this not yet awake she cry'd, Oh stay,
 One is our fate, and common is our way !
 So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
 That starting sudden up, the slumber broke ;
 Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
 Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true :
 For now the maids, who waited her commands,
 Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
 Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
 With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks ;
 Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
 And cut the golden caul that bound her hair :
 Her nurse demands the cause ; with louder cries
 She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.

No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
 With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
 No flatt'ry, no false comfort, give me none,
 My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone ;
 I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
 His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew ;
 His lustre lost, and ev'ry living grace,
 Yet I retain'd the features of his face ;
 Tho' with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
 None but my Ceyx could appear so fair :

I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But thro' my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the place:
There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
'The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supply'd.

'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she fought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,

Where

Where last he stood : and while she sadly said,
 'Twas here he left me, ling'ring here delay'd
 His parting kifs; and there his anchors weigh'd;
 Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
 And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
 Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
 And somewhat floating from afar descries;
 It seem'd a corps adrift, to distant sight,
 But at a distance who could judge aright?
 It wasted nearer yet, and then she knew
 That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
 A corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,
 Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:
 Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
 As for a stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
 Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
 At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
 Had brought the body nearer to the side:
 The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
 At nearer sight; and she's herself the less:
 Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies,
 She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
 Her husband's corps; at this she loudly shrieks,
 'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
 Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
 About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
 Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!
 She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
 (Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood;)
 Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
 But shoots along supported on her wings;
 A bird new-made about the banks she plies,
 Not far from shore; and short excursions tries;

Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas ;
Her bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice :
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a fun'ral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead ;
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love :
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone ;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The Gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful race is multiply'd ;
They bill, they tread ; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest :
A wintry queen : her fire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry storm, and hushes ev'ry wind :
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS transformed into a Cormorant.

From the Eleventh Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THese some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant shows,
The former tale reviving others woes :
That fable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood ;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince ! who fell with Troy :
Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But giv'n this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Tho' on the mother's side of meaner birth ;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort. }
Yet he no rustic clownishness profess,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast :
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft thro' the thicket, or the mead pursu'd :
Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,
While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd ;
Away she fled : not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead ;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.

As fast he follow'd in the hot career ;
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot ;
Quick thro' the veins the venom'd juices shoot :
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste :
O had my love been less, or less thy fear !
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake ! yet I more curs'd than he !
He gave the wound ; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He spoke ; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave ;
The death he sought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries ;
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives ; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.
WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the Eleventh Book.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A Cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war,

Which,

Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea :
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet ;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore ;
A boding sign the priests and people see :
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And, in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd ; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care ; but still in view :
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood ;
Then seiz'd the flutt'ring dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view ;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heav'n decreed : and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer ; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs :
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend ;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held :
But as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd ;
Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd :
Not so the seer ; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood

Must first be reconcil'd ; the common cause
 Prevail'd ; and pity yielding to the laws,
 Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
 Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd ;
 All mourn her fate ; but no relief appear'd :
 The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd :
 When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their woe,
 Relenting ceas'd her wrath ; and stop'd the coming blow.
 A mist before the ministers she cast ;
 And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
 Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
 The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd :
 A favourable gale arose from shore,
 Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
 Betwixt heav'n, earth and skies, there stands a place
 Confining on all three ; with tripple bound ;
 Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around,
 And thither bring their undulating sound.
 The palace of loud fame ; her seat of pow'r ;
 Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r ;
 A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
 Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
 A thousand crannies in the walls are made ;
 Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
 'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
 The spreading sounds, and multiply the news ;
 Where echo's in repeated echo's play :
 A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
 Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
 But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ;
 Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
 Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore :
 Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
 When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
 Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in :
 A thorough-fare of news : where some devise
 Things never heard ; some mingle truth with lies :
 The troubled air with empty sounds they beat ;
 Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
 Error sits brooding there ; with added train
 Of vain credulity, and joys as vain :
 Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near ;
 And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panique fear.
 Fame sits aloft ; and sees the subject ground,
 And seas about, and skies above ; enquiring all around.

The Goddess gives th' alarm ; and soon is known
 The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
 Fix'd on defence the Trojans are not slow
 To guard their shore from an expected foe.
 They meet in fight : by Hector's fatal hand
 Protefilaus falls, and bites the strand,
 Which with expence of blood the Grecians won ;
 And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
 And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
 The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
 Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with gore :
 Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain ;
 Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
 And clear'd the Trojan ranks : where e'er he fought,
 Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he fought :
 Cygnus he found ; on him his force essay'd :
 For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
 His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
 He cheer'd to courage with a gentle stroke ;
 Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe :
 And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
 But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
 Thy death, enobled by Pelides' spear.

The lance pursu'd the voice without delay ;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent ;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune ; Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn ;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war :

So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.

'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,

Than from a daughter of the sea to spring :

Thy fire is mortal ; mine is Ocean's king.

Secure of death, I should condemn thy dart,

Tho' naked, and impassable depart :

He said, and threw : the trembling weapon pass'd

Thro' nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,

On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.

Achilles wrench'd it out ; and sent again

The hostile gift : the hostile gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen spear ;

Th' inviolable body stood sincere,

Tho' Cygnus then did no defence provide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,

Than as a bull encompass'd with a guard,

Amid the circus roars : provok'd from far

By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war :

They quit their ground ; his bended horns elude ;

In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther fight he would advance,

He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.

Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear

Without a point : he look'd, the point was there.

This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,

By which so many thousand foes are dead.

O whither is their usual virtue fled !

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I had it once ; and the Lyrnessian wall,
 And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
 Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood ;
 And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
 Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
 To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
 The vigour of this arm was never vain :
 And that my wonted prowess I retain,
 Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
 He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
 To some new trial of his force proceeds.
 He chose Menætes from among the rest ;
 At him he lanc'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast :
 On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
 And lay supine ; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero ; Neither can I blame
 The hand, or javelin ; both are still the same.
 The same I will employ against this foe ;
 And wish but with the same success to throw.
 So spoke the chief ; and while he spoke he threw ;
 The weapon with unerring fury flew ;
 At his left shoulder aim'd : nor entrance found ;
 But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
 Harmless return'd : a bloody mark appear'd,
 Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
 Wound there was none ; the blood that was in view,
 The lance before from slain Menætes drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
 And in close fight on foot renews the war.
 Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows ;
 Nor shield nor armor can their force oppose ;
 Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
 And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
 But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen ;
 The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears ;
 But round his hollow temples and his ears -
 His buckler beats : the son of Neptune, stunn'd
 With these repeated buffets, quits his ground ;
 A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night ;
 Inverted nature swims before his sight :
 Th' insulting victor presses on the more,
 And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
 Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
 Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way :
 Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
 O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
 His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
 With both his knees above, his panting breast.
 Unlac'd his helm : about his chin the twist
 He try'd ; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead ;
 The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
 His sea-god fire, t' immortalize his fame,
 Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labors of this day,
 And arms suspended with a long delay.
 While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward ;
 The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard ;
 The feast approach'd ; when to the blue-ey'd maid
 His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
 And a white heifer on her altar laid.
 The reeking entrails on the fire they threw ;
 And to the Gods the grateful odour flew :
 Heav'n had its part in sacrifice : the rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast,
 The chief invited guests were set around :
 And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
 Which in deep draughts their cares and labors drown'd.
 The mellow harp did not their ears employ :
 And mute was all the warlike symphony ;

Discourse,

Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
 And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
 The subject, deeds of arms ; and valour shown,
 Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
 Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
 They talk'd by turns ; the talk by turns reliev'd.
 What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
 Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well ?
 The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
 Did most the martial audience entertain :
 Wond'ring to find a body, free by fate
 From steel, and which could ev'n that steel rebate :
 Amaz'd, their admiration they renew ;
 And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Nestor, thus ; What once this age has known,
 In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
 These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
 Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
 Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
 And still his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd :
 But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
 (Tho' since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
 His list'ning audience ask'd him to relate.
 Achilles thus commends their common fate ;
 O father, first for prudence in repute,
 Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
 What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known :
 What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
 What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won ?
 Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
 The youth, without a wound, could lose his life ?

Neleides then ; Tho' tardy age and time,
 Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime ;
 Tho' much I have forgotten of my store,
 Yet not exhausted, I remember more.

Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than ought beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second cent'ry, I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy fire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise ty'd;
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.

It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no pray'r shall be deny'd.
This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the Godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

To this the lover adds, without request:
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
 The love of fair Hippodame had won.
 The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
 Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast :
 In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
 Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'er-shade
 They sat : and summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
 To mix with those, the Lapithæan name :
 Nor wanted I : the roofs with joy resound :
 And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
 Rais'd altars shone with holy fires ; the bride,
 Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
 A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
 Came glitt'ring like a star, and took her place :
 Her heav'nly form beheld, all wish'd her joy ;
 And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ

For one, most brutal of the brutal blood,
 Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
 Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
 The bride ; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
 Down went the board ; and fast'ning on her hair,
 He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.
 'Twas Eurytus began : his bestial kind
 His crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his mind,
 Or her, whom chance presented, took : the feast
 An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks ; we rise,
 Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprisal :
 And Theseus first ; What frenzy has possess'd,
 O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breast,
 To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
 But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one ?

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
 The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride ;
 The monster nought reply'd : for words were vain ;
 And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain :

But answers with his hand ; and forward press'd,
 With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
 An ample goblet flood, of antique mold,
 And rough with figures of the rising gold ;
 The hero snatch'd it up, and tofs'd in air,
 Full at the front of the foul ravisher :
 He falls ; and falling vomits forth a flood
 Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
 Half roaring, and half neighing thro' the hall,
 Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call ;
 To wreak their brother's death : a medley flight
 Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
 Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate ;
 Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
 The chalices of heav'n, and holy things
 Of precious weight : a sconce, that hung on high,
 With tapers fill'd, to light the sacrifice,
 Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
 He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
 On Celadon the ruin fell ; and left
 His face of feature and of form bereft :
 So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
 Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
 His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground ;
 His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
 His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound. }

This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook ;
 But, by the foot, a maple-board he took ;
 And hurl'd at Amycus ; his chin is bent
 Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent ;
 Whom sputt'ring bloody teeth, the second blow
 Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious look
 On the side-altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,

And bright with flaming fires; The Gods, he cry'd,
 Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd :
 Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
 An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore :
 Altar and altar's freight together flew
 Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew ;
 And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew :
 Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
 Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
 He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
 The votive horns of a stag's branching head :
 At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
 That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye :
 Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd,
 His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
 Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
 Selects, and whirling waves; 'till, from his hand
 The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
 On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight :
 The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,
 And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone.
 Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood ;
 Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood ;
 But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
 His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
 And hiss'd, like red-hot iron within the smithy drown'd.
 The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
 He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
 The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow ;
 Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
 Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
 Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said,
 So by their fellows may our foes be sped ;
 Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head :

The burning lever not deludes his pains ;
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,

Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd :

First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he flew ;

Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,

He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless prey ?

Rhætus prevents what more he had to say ;

And drove within his mouth the fiery death,

Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At Dryas next he flew ; but weary chance

No longer would the same success advance,

But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round

The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found ;

And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.

The weapon struck : which roaring out with pain

He drew ; nor longer durst the fight maintain,

But turn'd his back, for fear ; and fled amain.

With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd ;

Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breast,

And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,

Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.

Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,

And Abas maim'd, who boars encount'ring slew ;

And Augur Astylos, whose art in vain

From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,

Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain ;

But to his fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,

Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,

That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell ;

All, one by one, and fighting face to face :

Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace :

For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,

Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before

Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
 Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
 Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
 And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
 Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
 Take thy next draught with Stygian water's mix'd,
 And sleep thy fill, th' insulting victor cry'd;
 Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd:
 The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
 Repas'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around
 A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
 This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
 The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
 And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
 Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
 Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
 Helops and Dictys added to the rest
 A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
 This Dictys saw; and seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
 And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear his
 weight.

The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
 Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
 Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
 The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
 But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
 The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
 And left him maim'd: nor seconded the stroke.
 Then leapt on tall Bianor's back: (who bore
 No mortal burden but his own, before.)
 Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
 His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
 One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
 His other ply'd him with repeated strokes.

The club hung round his ears, and batter'd brows ;
 He falls ; and lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound ;
 And lay by him Lycotas on the ground ;
 And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades ;
 And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades :
 And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive ;
 And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
 Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight :
 But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
 From earth a pine, the product of an age :
 The root stuck fast : the broken trunk he sent
 At Theseus : Theseus frustrates his intent,
 And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
 To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd it so.)
 Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast ;
 Which, Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist.
 Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care ;
 Whom conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
 Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
 A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
 Thy fire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate ;
 And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
 Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
 His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
 With all his force and all his soul apply'd ;
 The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side :
 Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd ;
 And wrench'd it out ; but left the steel behind.
 Stuck in his lungs it stood : inrag'd he rears
 His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears,
 Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
 His head ; his other hand the lance portends.
 Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
 He sped the Centaur, with one single thrust.

Two more his lance before transfix'd from far ;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas : who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd ; in blood already dy'd :
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defy'd :
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw : for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow :
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow :
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which thro' the navel pierc'd : he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground :
Trode what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd :
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate ; (if form to monsters men allow :)
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue :
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look : thy shapes in ev'ry part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art :
As far as man extended : where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat ;
So rose his brawny chest ; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone ;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind ;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race :
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move ;
At once both loving, and confessing love.

For him she dress'd ; for him with female care
 She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
 Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
 And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
 She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front :
 In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
 And in the streams that from the fountain play,
 She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
 The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
 Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride ;
 Spoils of no common beast : with equal flame
 They lov'd : their sylvan pleasures were the same :
 All day they hunted ; and when day expir'd,
 Together to some shady cave retir'd.

Invited, to the nuptials both repair :

And, side by side, they both engage in war.

Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
 At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
 The jav'lin drawn from out the mortal wound,
 He faints with stagg'ring steps, and seeks the ground :

The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,

And strove his wand'ring spirits to recal :

And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,

Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.

Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies ;

She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries :

At least her words were in her clamor drown'd ;

For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.

In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart

New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart ;

To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd,

And wounded fell ; and falling by his side,

Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes ;

Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.

Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,

His upper part defended to his waist ;

And where man ended, the continu'd vest,
Spread on his back, the hous and trappings of a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, tho' the fact I saw ;)
He threw at Pholon ; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk : or from the press the whey,
Driv'n down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd thro' the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.

Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew :

A fork the former arm'd ; a dart his fellow threw,
The jav'lin wounded me ; (behold the scar.)

Then was my time to seek the Trojan war ;

Then I was Hector's match in open field ;

But he was then unborn ; at least a child ;

Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell

By Periphanthes how Pyretus fell ;

The Centaur by the Knight : nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day :

What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.

What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight :

Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.

How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,

Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,

Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band :

Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,

Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus :

Their names I number'd, and remember well,

No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,

Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,

In years retaining still his youthful might,
 Tho' his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
 Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
 Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
 And rode the ring around; that either host
 Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.
 And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
 For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name:
 And still the native softness of thy kind
 Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
 Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
 To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid;
 And but a man in shew: go, card and spin;
 And leave the business of the war to men.

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
 The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
 Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
 Betwixt the nether breast and upper man.
 The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
 His lance directed at the hero's heart:
 It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
 Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
 Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
 Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
 He next his fauchion try'd, in closer fight;
 But the keen fauchion had no pow'r to bite.
 He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
 Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts are vain,
 I'll prove his side: in strong embraces held,
 He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
 His hollow belly eccho'd to the stroke;
 Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
 Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.

Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride
 His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
 At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cry'd,

Try

Try thou the strength of Cæneus : at the word
He thrust ; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand ; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd success ;
And rushing on, in crowds, together press ;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw :
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.

Amaz'd they stood ; till Morychus began,
O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man !

A woman-man ; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race ; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves ? th' united force,
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse :

Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed

We seem ; (a lover built for Juno's bed ;)

Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.

This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the soul within, tho' not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds : he can'd to see
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree ;

This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw ;
Th' example shewn, his fellow-brutes pursue.

With forest-loads the warrior they invade ;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade ;
And spreading groves were naked mountains made. }

Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath ;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.

To heave th' intolerable weight he tries ;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes ;
Yet still he heaves : and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air :

A short relief, which but prolongs his pain ;
He faints by fits ; and then respire again :

At last, the burden only nods above,

As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan grove.

Doubtful his death : he suffocated seem'd
 To most ; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
 Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
 From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies :
 I saw it too : with golden feathers bright,
 Nor e'er before beheld so strange a fight.
 Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
 Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling sound,
 All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love ;
 Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
 Its author to the story gave belief ;
 For us, our courage was increas'd by grief :
 Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
 With odds, to sink beneath a multitude :
 We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight ;
 Part fell ; and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
 Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules :

For, often he had heard his father say,
 That he himself was present at the fray ;
 And more than shar'd the glories of the day.

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
 You might have nam'd Alcides at the least :
 Is he not worth your praise ? The Pylia prince
 Sigh'd ere he spoke ; then made this proud defence.
 My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
 I would have lost ; but you renew the wound :
 Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
 The cause I have your mighty fire to hate.
 His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky ;
 (Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny !)
 We praise not Hector ; tho' his name, we know,
 Is great in arms ; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
 Messenia's tow'rs : nor better fortune found
 Elis, and Pylas ; that a neigh'ring state,
 And this my own : both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
 My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
 All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
 By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
 The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
 Of Periclymenos is wond'rous to relate.
 To him our common grandfire of the main
 Had giv'n to change his form, and chang'd, resume again.
 Vary'd at pleasure, ev'ry shape he try'd;
 And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd:
 Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
 Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
 The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
 With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
 And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
 Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
 Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
 But bending his inevitable bow,
 Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
 And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
 Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
 The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
 He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
 His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
 For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
 Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
 He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
 Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
 Drove thro' his neck, assant; he spurns the ground,
 And the soul issues thro' the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
 What praise is due from me to Hercules?
 Silence is all the vengeance I decree
 For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
 Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:

At length with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

The fire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his son in battle slain :
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore ;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before :) }

Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove ;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her fall.

Dost thou not mourn our pow'r employ'd in vain ;
And the defenders of our city slain ?

To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his native Troy ?
And yet the murd'rer lives : himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war :
He lives ; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost !

O, could I meet him ! But I wish too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne ;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight ;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with Plebeian blood :
Phœbus to him alone the God confess'd,

Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd.
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train ?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim : and, with one arrow, end the war.

He said ; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
 And sword, which but Achilles none could wield ;
 And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing field.
 The Deity himself directs aright
 Th' invenom'd shaft ; and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name ;
 And he, the base adult'rer, boasts the fame.
 A spectacle to glad the Trojan train ;
 And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
 If by a female hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his wish had rather been
 The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
 And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
 The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
 High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd :
 The God, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
 Of all the mighty man, the small remains
 A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
 Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives ;
 And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord ; and brings
 New cause of strife betwixt contending kings ;
 Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
 Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
 Ev'n Diomede sat mute, with down-cast eyes ;
 Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize :
 Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
 Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
 Two rivals only rose : Laertes' son,
 And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
 The king, who cherish'd each, with equal love,
 And from himself all envy would remove,
 Left both to be determin'd by the laws ;
 And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE
S P E E C H E S
O F

A J A X and U L Y S S E S :

From the Thirteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field :
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce : and kindled with disdain,
Bager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd ?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In fight of what he durst not once defend ?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By diff'rent methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great ;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see ;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.

VOL. IV.

F

Let

Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain :
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good :
My fire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd ;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece :
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below ; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone,)
Just Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot : thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine :
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim ;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name ?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd :
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear ;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear :
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and drag'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best ;

And let me stand excluded from my right,
 Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
 Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
 Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
 Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
 The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the Grecian
 name;

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
 In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
 Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
 His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
 And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfil)
 The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
 Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
 Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
 Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
 With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
 To find him food and cloathing, must employ
 Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
 Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
 Because he left Ulysses' company:
 Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
 Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
 The coward bore the man immortal spite,
 Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
 Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
 Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
 And then for proof produc'd the golden store
 Himself had hidden in his tent before:
 Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
 By exile one, and one by treason lost.
 Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
 A formidable man, but to his friends:
 Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
 Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found:

But that he might without a rival reign,
 He left his faithful Nestor on the plain ;
 Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
 Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
 Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name ;
 But cowardise has neither ears nor shame :
 Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
 And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
 That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
 Like one of his, an Ulyssæan lye,
 I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, tho' his friend,
 Cannot that act excuse, much less defend :
 He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear ;
 And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look ;
 He justly was forsaken, who forsook :
 Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
 Found every fellow such another friend :
 No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
 His elocution was increas'd by fear :
 I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
 Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
 Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
 And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause :
 With my broad buckler hid him from the foe ;
 (Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below ;)
 And from impending fate the coward freed :
 Good heav'n forgive me for so bad a deed !
 If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
 First let him give me back his forfeit life :
 Let him return to that opprobrious field ;
 Again creep under my protecting shield :
 Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
 And let his quiv'ring heart confess his fear ;
 There put him in the very jaws of fate ;
 And let him plead his cause in that estate :

And yet when snatch'd from death, when from below
 My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,
 Good heav'ns, how light he rose, with what a bound
 He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound :
 How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply ;
 Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly !

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along ;
 Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong :
 Each Greek was an Ulysses ; such a dread
 Th' approach, and ev'n the sound of Hector bred :
 Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
 I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.

When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
 He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
 All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown ;
 But for your champion I was wish'd alone :
 Your vows were heard, we fought and neither yield ;
 Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.

With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
 And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
 Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
 In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword ;

Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save ?
 The hopes of your return ! and can you yield,
 For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield ?

Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
 These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them ;
 Or, I with them an equal honour share ;

They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
 Will he compare my courage with his flight ?
 As well he may compare the day with night.

Night is indeed the province of his reign :

Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
 Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain ;

A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomed away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomed will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.

He said : a murmur from the multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensu'd :
 Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
 Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun ;
 Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
 And not without prepar'd attention spoke :
 Soft was his tone, and sober was his face ;
 Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heav'n, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
 These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir ;
 Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
 And we with great Achilles had been blest'd.
 But since hard fate, and heav'n's severe decree,
 Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
 (At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
 Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
 Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
 Than he who gave Achilles to your host ?
 This only I request, that neither he
 May gain, by being what he seems to be,
 A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
 By having sense, which heav'n to him denies :
 Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
 Was ever in the common cause employ'd :
 Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
 Which often has been us'd in your defence
 And in my own, this only time be brought
 To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
 Make not a crime, where nature made it none ;
 For ev'ry man may freely use his own.
 The deeds of long descended ancestors
 Are but by grace of imputation ours,
 Theirs in effect : but since he draws his line
 From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine ;
 From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
 And am descended in the same degree :

My-fire Laertes was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the ſon of Jupiter:
No paracide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my fire from paricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great fire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honour's cauſe by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's fire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.

Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatning influence was paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;

She,

She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
 Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice ;
 And while on female toys her fellows look,
 Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook ;
 Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke ;
 O Goddess-born ! resist not heav'n's decree,
 The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee ;
 Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
 Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
 Mine then are all his actions of the war ;
 Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
 And after cur'd : to me the Thebans owe,
 Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow ;
 Scyros and Cylla : not on all to dwell,
 By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell :
 And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
 To me the noble Hector's death is due :
 Those arms I put into his living hand,
 Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
 And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
 'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
 And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd :
 Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
 Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear :
 That by his daughter's blood we must appease
 Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
 Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd ;
 But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd :
 Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
 As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
 No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
 Till this hard enterprize I undertook :
 I only durst th' imperial pow'r controul,
 And undermin'd the parent in his soul ;
 Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
 And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.

Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glitt'ring with steel, and croud'd with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but stood
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough preludium of the war.

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train,

Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause
pursu'd.

The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.

What subject durst arraign the pow'r supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?

Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.

But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.

I saw him run, and was ashamed to see;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?

Then speeding thro' the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cry'd, O base degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!

After so long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!

These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)

Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;

Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:

Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.

Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight

Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?

But Diomede desires my company,

And still communicates his praise with me.

As

As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes :
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host ;
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night :
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lye ;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treach'rous Troy design'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd ;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew ;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat :
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds :
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas ; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd :
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground ;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before : believe not me ;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars ;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he ;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:

Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
 And better manages his blood than I :
 But this avails me not ; our boaster strove
 Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
 To save the fleet : this I confess is true,
 (Nor will I take from any man is due :)
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
 Some part of honour to your share will fall,
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.
 Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
 The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought ;
 Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
 And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

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 A match for Hector, who the combat fought :
 Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me ;
 All were as eager for the fight as he ;
 He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
 Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice :
 They fought ; nor can our hero boast th' event,
 For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
 That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away ?
 I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
 And ran in vain, alas ! to his relief ;
 For the brave soul was fled : full of my friend,
 I rush'd amid the war, his relicks to defend :
 Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
 And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away :
 Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
 The pond'rous ruins of so great a man :
 Or if in others equal force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.

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Did

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
 These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare ;
 That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should wear ?
 For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible prize !

What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
 Heav'n's planets, earth, and ocean's watry field ?
 The Pleiads, Hyads ; less, and greater Bear,
 Undipp'd in seas ; Orion's angry star ;
 Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand ?
 Would he wear arms he cannot understand ?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares
 Against my late accession to the wars ?
 Does not the fool perceive his argument
 Is with more force against Achilles bent ?
 For if dissembling be so great a crime,
 The fault is common, and the same in him :
 And if he taxes both of long delay,
 My guilt is less, who sooner came away.
 His pious mother, anxious for his life,
 Detain'd her son ; and me, my pious wife.
 To them the blossoms of our youth were due :
 Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
 When with so great a man my guilt I share :
 My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
 But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
 Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you :
 If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
 Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree :
 I but accus'd, you doom'd : and yet he dy'd,
 Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd :
 You heard not he was false ; your eyes beheld
 The traitor manifest ; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
 Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
 Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
 Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
 'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that staying there
 He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
 From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
 He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
 Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best:
 Though faith is all, in ministers of state;
 For who can promise to be fortunate?
 Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
 Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
 Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
 To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
 But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
 A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
 Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
 The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
 Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
 Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
 And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast;
 Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
 And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
 The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
 Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
 In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
 Heav'n's dark decrees and answers to display,
 And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
 Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
 The fatal image of their guardian maid;
 That work was mine; for Pallas, tho' our friend,
 Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
 Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
 A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sev'nfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil, and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear:
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:

No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd ;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'it thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less ?
Mind is the man : I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war :
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace :
Enter the town ; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty ;
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours ;
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains ;
If yet some desp'rate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind ;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome ;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree :
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd : and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue shew'd.
Heav'n, air, and ocean rung with loud applause,
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The Death of A J A X.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain ;
Then snatching out his fauchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine ; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord :
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself, himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own :
No hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood,
'Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood
The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green stem ; and of a purple hue :
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew :
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.

T H E

Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

From the Thirteenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

A CIS, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
 From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
 Was both his parents pleasure; but to me
 Was all that love could make a lover be.
 The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
 I was his only joy, and he was mine.
 Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
 And doubtful down began to shade his chin:
 When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
 And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
 Ask not which passion in my soul was high'r,
 My last aversion, or my first desire:
 Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
 Both were alike, for both were in excess.
 Thee, Venus, thee both heav'n and earth obey;
 Immense thy pow'r, and boundless is thy sway.
 The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
 And thought no thunder louder than his own.
 The terrour of the woods, and wilder far
 Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
 Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
 On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
 Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
 And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
 Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
 Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
 And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.

Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks :
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost ;
And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where *Ætna's* summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesy'd ;
Already Love his flaming brand has tost ;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps ; and, weary, sought agen
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas :
On either side, below, the water flows :
This airy walk the giant-lover chose ;
Here on the midst he sate ; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide :
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth :
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below ;

On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd :
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are ;
More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright ;
Erect as alders, and of equal height :
More wanton than a kid ; more sleek thy skin,
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen :
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade ;
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade :
More grateful to the sight, than goodly plains ;
And softer to the touch, than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the taste,
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste :
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Thro' garden plots, but ah ! more swift than they.

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke :
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak :
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold ;
Like them fallacious ; like their fountains, cold :
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace ; more brittle than the vine ;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy disdain :
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain ;
More violent, than is the rising flood :
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud :
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are ;
And more outrageous, than a mother-bear :
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make ;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake ;
In swiftness fleetier than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear ;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run :
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay ;
And much repent of your unwise delay.

My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand ; a spacious pleasing shade ;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold ;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue :
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their glossy side :
Not those of common kinds ; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown :
Nor chefnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood ;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear ;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

The flocks, you see, are all my own ; beside
The rest that woods and winding vallies hide ;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store ;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle ; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree :
Behold their swelling dugs ; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight ;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie ;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink ; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store :
The fields and forests will afford us more ;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.

All sorts of ven'son ; and of birds the best ;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground ;
So like, that no distinction could be seen ;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen ;
And so they shall ; I took them both away ;
And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves ; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face ;
I late beheld it, in the wat'ry glass,
And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tow'ring stature, and my size :
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread :
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face ; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd : what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree ?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane ;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep ; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is nature's eye ; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry family.
I make you his, in making you my own ;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone :

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Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph ; yet I could bear to be
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heav'ns ! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself ; nay more,
 Please you, tho' that's the thing I most abhor
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
 His living bowels from his belly torn,
 And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
 Thy flood, ungrateful nymph ; and fate shall find
 That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
 For oh ! I burn with love, and thy disdain.
 Augments at once my passion, and my pain.
 Translated *Ætna* flames within my heart,
 And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
 With furious paces to the neighb'ring wood :
 Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;
 Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
 Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
 His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw : when, fatal chance
 His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
 Acis and I were to his sight betray'd ;
 Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
 From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast ;
 I see, I see, but this shall be your last.
 A roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound ;
 And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
 Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
 And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head.
 Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,

Help

Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
 And take me dying to your deep abodes.
 The Cyclops follow'd ; but he sent before
 A rib, which from the living rock he tore :
 Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
 The mighty fragment was enough alone,
 To crush all Acis ; 'twas too late to save,
 But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave :
 That Acis to his lineage should return ;
 And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
 Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood ;
 Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
 Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd :
 The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
 The stone was cleft, and thro' the yawning chink
 New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
 The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
 A sound like water in its course oppos'd :
 When (wond'rous to behold) full in the flood,
 Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
 Horns from his temples rise ; and either horn
 Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
 Were not his stature taller than before,
 His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
 His colour blue, for Acis he might pass :
 And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
 But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
 With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

From the Fifteenth Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A King is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the publick weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the publick voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rights, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)

'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
 From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey ;
 Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
 He sought himself some hospitable house :
 Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest ;
 While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
 The hero, thence departing, blest'd the place ;
 And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
 A rising town shall take its name from thee ;
 Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy :
 For Mycelos, the justest man on earth,
 Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth :
 Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
 O'ersadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke ;
 Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
 Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood ;
 He said ; and sleep forsook him, and the God.
 Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart ;
 His country laws forbad him to depart :
 What should he do ? 'Twas death to go away ;
 And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay :
 All day he doubted, and when night came on,
 Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun :
 Once more the God stood threatening o'er his head ;
 With added curses if he disobey'd.
 Twice warn'd, he study'd flight ; but would convey,
 At once, his person and his wealth away :
 Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard ;
 A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
 Witness there needed none of his offence,
 Against himself the wretch was evidence :
 Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
 To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.
 O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in heav'n a throne
 Not giv'n, but by thy labours made thy own,
 Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
 Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

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A custom was of old, and still remains,
 Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
 White stones and black within an urn are cast,
 The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
 The judges to the common urn bequeath
 Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
 The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
 The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
 Thus Almonides his safety won,
 Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
 Then to his kinsman God his vows he pays,
 And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas:
 He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
 And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
 Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
 Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
 Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
 The mouth of Æfaris, and promis'd ground:
 Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
 The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
 Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
 The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
 Thus same, from time to time, delivers down
 The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
 But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
 Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
 The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
 He, tho' from heav'n remote, to heav'n could move,
 With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
 And penetrate, with his interior light,
 Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
 And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
 Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
 And heard him, as they heard their God's command;

While

While he discours'd of heav'n's mysterious laws,
 The world's original, and nature's cause;
 And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
 In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
 What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun
 The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
 If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
 Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
 Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
 He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.

He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
 And argu'd well, if arguments could move.
 O mortals! from your fellows blood abstain,
 Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
 While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
 And planted orchards bend their willing load;
 While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
 And teeming vines afford their gen'rous juice;
 Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
 But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
 While kine to pails distended udders bring,
 And bees their honey redolent of spring;
 While earth not only can your needs supply,
 But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
 A guiltless feast administers with ease,
 And without blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
 And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
 Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
 On browse, and corn, the flow'ry meadows feed.
 Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
 Whom heav'n endu'd with principles of blood,
 He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
 In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
 Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
 And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

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O impious use ! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
 Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd :
 Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive ;
 Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
 'Tis then for nought, that mother-earth provides
 The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
 If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread ;
 What else is this but to devour our guests,
 And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts !
 We, by destroying life, our life sustain ;
 And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
 Then birds in airy space might safely move,
 And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove :
 Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
 Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our food's simplicity ;
 Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
 And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
 Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
 On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
 Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
 This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
 And self-defence : but who did feasts begin
 Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
 To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
 But not th' extended licence, to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
 The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
 Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
 And intercept the sweating farmer's hope :
 The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
 Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd :

Her hunger was no plea ; for that she dy'd.
 The goat came next in order, to be try'd :
 The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine :
 In vengeance laity and clergy join,
 Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
 Here was, at least, some shadow of offence :
 The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
 But meek and unresisting innocence.
 A patient, useful creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
 And daily to give down the milk she bred,
 A tribute for the grafs on which she fed.
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
 And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve ?
 O tyrant ! with what justice canst thou hope
 The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;
 When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
 And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field ?
 From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
 That neck with which the surly clods he broke ;
 And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
 Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began !
 Nor this alone ! but heav'n itself to bribe,
 We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe :
 First recompense with death their creature's toil,
 Then call'd the bless'd above to share the spoil :
 The fairest victim must the pow'rs appease :
 (So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please !)
 A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
 With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns :
 He hears the murd'rous pray'r the priest prefers,
 But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears :
 Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
 (The fruit and product of his labours past ;)

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And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life ;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests t' inspect the God's decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food ?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won :
And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feast !

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight :
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate !

Those I would teach ; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame ?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was !
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires ?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war ;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.

In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.

Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest :

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies ;

And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,

By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,

And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast ;

Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,

And actuates those according to their kind ;

From tenement to tenement is tofs'd ;

The soul is still the same, the figure only lost :

And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,

This face assumes, and that impression leaves ;

Now call'd by one, now by another name ;

The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same :

So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,

Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space ;

To seek her fortune in some other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,

To please the taste of glutton appetite ;

But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,

Lest from their seats your parents you expel ;

With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,

Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,

In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,

This let me further add, that nature knows

No steadfast station, but, or ebbs, or flows :

Ever in motion ; she destroys her old,

And casts new figures in another mold.

Ev'n times are in perpetual flux ; and run,

Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on ;

For time, no more than streams, is at a stay :

The flying hour is ever on her way ;

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And as the fountain still supplies her store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before ;
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new : for former things
 Are set aside, like abdicated kings :
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into light,
 And shining suns descend to sable night ;
 Ev'n heav'n itself receives another die,
 When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
 Of midnight ease ; another, when the grey
 Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
 The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye ;
 And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
 His ball is with the same suffusion red ;
 But mounted high in his meridian race
 All bright he shines, and with a better face :
 For there, pure particles of æther flow,
 Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
 For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
 But, gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
 How the four seasons in four forms appear,
 Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear ?
 Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
 With milky juice requiring to be fed :
 Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.
 The green stem grows in stature and in size,
 But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes ;
 Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the fields around,

But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man:
This season, as in men, is most repleat
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)

Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;

And when the little man was fully form'd

The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;

But when the mother's throes begin to come,

The creature, pent within the narrow room,

Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair

His stifled breath, and draw the living air;

Cast on the margin of the world he lies,

A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.

He next essays to walk, but downward press'd

On four feet imitates his brother beast:

By slow degrees he gathers from the ground

His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;

Then walks alone; a horseman now become,

He rides a stick, and travels round the room:

In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
 He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
 But manages his strength, and spares his age.
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
 Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet, and hands ;
 And, Milo-like, his slacken'd finews sees,
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept when her too faithful glass
 Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face :
 Wond'ring what charms her ravishers could spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy !

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
 On things below still exercise your rage :
 With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
 And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd ;
 For this eternal world is said of old
 But four prolifick principles to hold,
 Four different bodies ; two to heav'n ascend,
 And other two down to the centre tend :
 Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky ;
 Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
 Flies after fire, and claims the second place :
 But weighty water, as her nature guides,
 Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
 And into these are all resolv'd again :
 Earth rarifies to dew ; expanded more
 The subtil dew in air begins to soar ;

Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
 Extenuates still, and changes into flame ;
 Thus having by degrees perfection won,
 Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
 And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
 Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew ;
 And dew condensing, does her form forego,
 And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
 But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand ;
 All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
 The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
 Some other thing we were not formerly :
 And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
 Or be the thing that formerly we were.
 Those very elements, which we partake
 Alive, when dead some other bodies make :
 Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse ;
 But death on deathless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
 Continue in the figure it began :

The golden age to silver was debas'd :
 To copper that ; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay ;
 And that is solid earth, that once was sea :
 Seas in their turn retreating from the shore,
 Make solid land, what ocean was before ;
 And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
 And rusty anchors' fix'd on mountain ground :
 And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn,
 By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
 And crumbling still descend to level lands ;
 And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands :
 And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown ;
 Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains opes ; and there
 Seals up the wombs where living fountains were ;
 Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
 Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.

So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
 But far from thence knocks out another door.

Thus Erasinus dives ; and blind in earth
 Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,
 Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
 Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.

So Mysus by another way is led,
 And, grown a river, now disdains his head :
 Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
 And the proud title of Caius takes.

Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands ;
 And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
 And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down,

Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
 But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd :
 Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
 The Centaur in his current wash'd their wounds.

The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
 But brackish lose the taste they had before,

Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
 Once isles, but now increase the continent ;
 While the Leucadian coast, main-land before,
 By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.

So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
 And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride ;
 Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
 And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
 Buris and Helice, no more are found,
 But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd ;
 And boatmen through the crystal water show,
 To wond'ring passengers, the walls below.

Near Træzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
 To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare :
 This once was level ground : but (strange to tell)
 Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
 Lab'ring with colick pangs, and close confin'd,
 In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind :
 Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill ;
 As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
 Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines :
 The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
 And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
 Retrenching most, I will relate but few :
 What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
 Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost ?
 Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
 Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm :
 Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
 On the pil'd earth, and in the waneing moon.
 The Thracians have a stream, if any try
 The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify ;
 Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
 And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
 That slide thro' our Calabrian neighbour wood,
 With gold and amber die the shining hair,
 And thither youth resort ; (for who would not be fair ?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
 Some change not only bodies, but the mind :
 Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
 Whose waters into women soften men ?
 Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
 To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain ?
 Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
 (Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)

104 PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God ;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Proëtides with charms he cur'd,
And pow'rful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce ;
Who drinks his waters, tho' with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight :
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome bev'rage ; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake :
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea ;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd ;
They swam where now they sit ; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch ; for sulphur will expire,
{The veins exhausted of the liquid store ;}
Time was she cast no flames ; in time will cast no more.

For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires ;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes ;
Or when the wind in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air ; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,

Kindling

Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shiv'ring suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles tofs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

106 PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives
As much of form, as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from fight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose.

There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Casia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath,) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY. 107

On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant-phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle; this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?

Th' Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.

All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.

Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:

Now

108 PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Now for thick streets it shews an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was. }

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.

For thus old faws foretel, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddess born, with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free thro' fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be: }
And heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mold
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courfers to controul,
 Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
 And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
 In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
 All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
 And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
 Then when our fires, or grandfires shall forsake
 The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
 Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy father in the beast,
 Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
 If none of these, yet there's a man within:
 O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
 T'inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
 Ill habits soon become exalted vice.
 What more advance can mortals make in sin
 So near perfection, who with blood begin?
 Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
 Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
 Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
 All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
 And imitates in vain thy childrens cries.
 Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
 Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
 Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
 To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
 Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
 And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
 But neither sprindges, nets, nor snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.
 Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
 Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
 Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
 Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
 Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
 Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

110 PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Take not away the life you cannot give :
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save ;
This only just prerogative we have :
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own :
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :
Himself a saint, a Goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

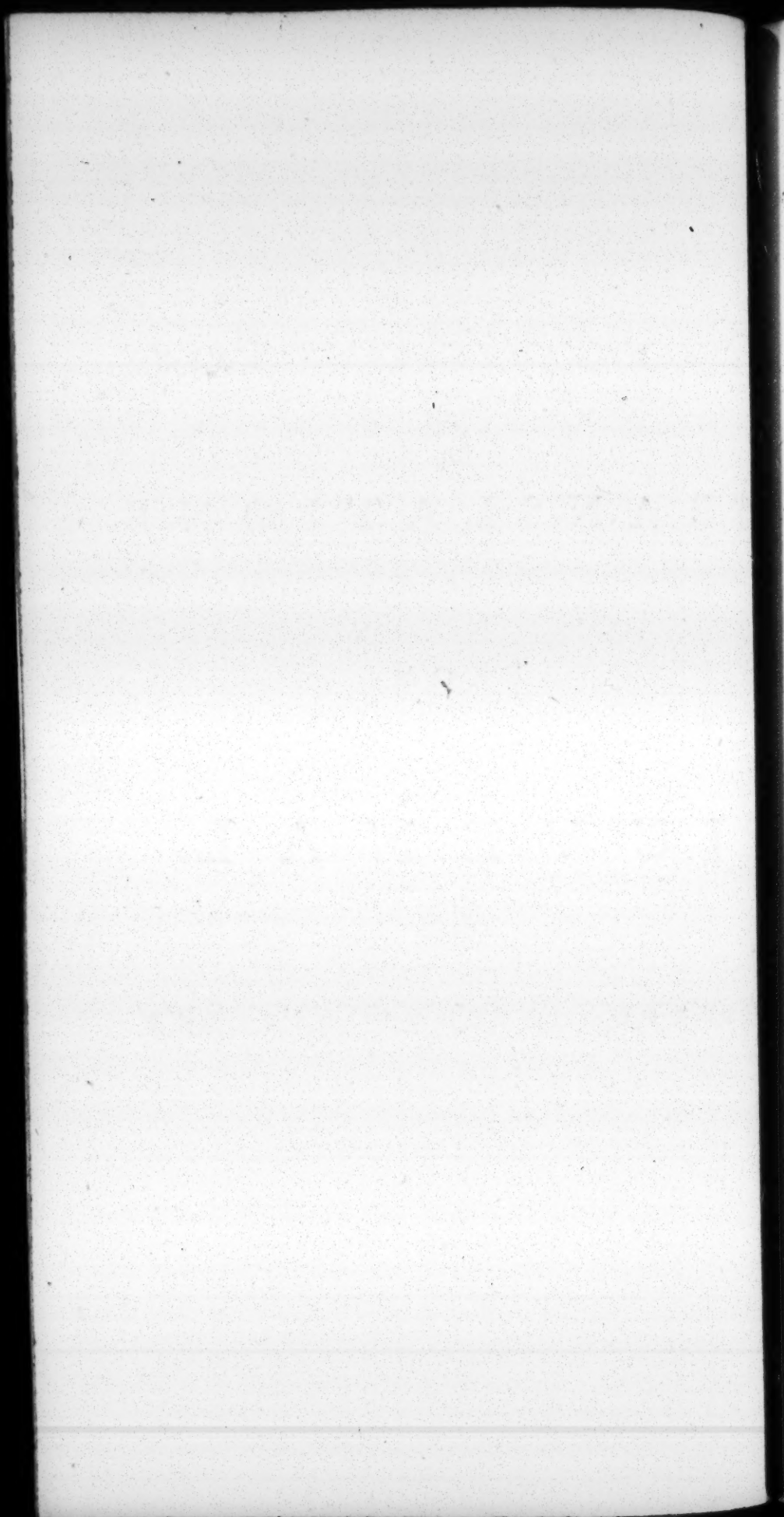


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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.

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T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
C H A R L E S

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, Knight
of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it, is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have

drawn them all into a nearer line: and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first rising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addressees to your lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself, in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly; and Johnson, who by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use

of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, *An Essay*. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of Poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of those, who with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakespeare; and for ought I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to as-

sume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles; they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your lordship; and even that also with a *Long sed proximi intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place to say any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to Satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I will not disturb) has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Johnson's verses to the memory of Shakespear: an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings: for they are every where so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donn alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And were he translated into numbers, and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicu-

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ous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donn in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one in my opinion, that it throws his mistress infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his Poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you

the fullness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his Gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist intirely without it; any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scriblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and
libels,

libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author fate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel; I am so far from defending my Poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long, as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed: as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire; which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed

with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of Poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scriblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and prophaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of Humour. But I mean not the authority, which is annexed to your office: I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry, and false coin. A shilling dipt in the Bath may go for gold amongst the ignorant, but the scepters on the guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world) from the distinguishing character of your writing. Which is so visible to me that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours, what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I
could

could not give back to every author his own brags, (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not : and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owners marks about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity ; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter judging of some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Vandike: but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view ; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you : for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more ; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects ; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the
reputation

reputation of the best Poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be impudence to affirm that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men in all sorts of arts and sciences: as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest for Stage Poetry amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all sorts of Poetry in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Salust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and Poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satire, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and I would instance in Shakespear of the former, of your lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country: but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: for setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of Epique Poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affectation; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty, or decency, and his adventures

adventures without the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place, more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Tasso, he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spencer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spencer: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures: and endows each of them with
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some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his Poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet, both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other Epique works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rhymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope, he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer; or so
copiously

copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spencer, as Spencer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alledges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from Satire to Heroic Poetry. But if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the
world

world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epique poem : besides these, or the like animadversions of them by other men, there is a yet farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed, so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall in the world ; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprizes which the poets call heroique ; and which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues ; and that these include no action, but that of the soul : when, as on the contrary, an heroique poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general ; and, in short, as much, or more of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations ; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like ; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epique poem, or the heroique action
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of some great commander, enterpriz'd for the common good, and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens ; provided the poet be endued with the same talents ; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own, or any other now extant, though more refined ; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a French critique as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Christian religion in heroique poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior Providence) but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other : though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines ; at least the most shining in epique poetry. Though St. Michael in Ariosto seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire ; and Satan in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance ; yet the arch-

arch-angel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell: the same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work our ourselves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished

us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the criticks. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy, and the mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, That Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of platonick philosophy, as it is now christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine for the working up heroick poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their Gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well protestants as catholics, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy.

versy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise

of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epick poem, who to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For being so much weaker since their fall, than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted
power

power of God, of acting ill, as from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consults with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice, (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This

too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should choose that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spencer, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our Imperial line: with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But being encouraged only with fair words by king Charles II. my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself; then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least sollicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful

tiful present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one amongst many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

Ne, forte, pudori

Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way

of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species, than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends you lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence; we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, until he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, ausus idem.* And besides all this, it is your lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connexion would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual
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abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call *Cæna dubia*; where there is such plenty, yet withal so much diversity, and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any other, which is the proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business; the satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me, to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you,
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from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of satire among the Romans. To describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and shew the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town, or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroick poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epick are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epick is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroick poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary

to make an accomplished writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epick poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have through haste or negligence omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace, as his guides, and Vida and Bossu, as their commentators, with many others both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroick poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written drama's; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the critics on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation
of

of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in holy scripture: unless we will take it higher; from the latter end of the second; where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the criticks. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem made according to the manner of a satire, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satire. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in
specie,

specie, from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shewn in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him : and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution. Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet, and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people ; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens ; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior Being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason of their institution ; the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds : so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments ; amongst which songs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satires, whom I have already described ; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young satires and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus.

habited

habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who at their festivals danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same, in the persons of their petulant satires: but I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the satires, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon finding little light from antiquity, of these beginnings of poetry, amongst the Grecians, but only these representatious of satires, who carried canisters and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satires did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are
these,

these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus.

*Agricolæ prisce, fortes, parvoque beati,
Conditæ post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi :
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.*

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer
Restor'd their bodies for another year ;
Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful spouse ;
A sow they flew to Vesta's deity ;
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flow'rs, and wine, their genius they ador'd ;
A short life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhimes ensue.
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the same beginning : both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving ; and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse : amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satires ; and amongst the Romans, by real clowns.

For,

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed; and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the satire of the Romans which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us in these words:

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente laceffiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.*

The law of the Decemviri was this; *Siquis occentassit malum carmen, siue condidit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.* A strange likeness, and barely possible: but the critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satirick dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of satyrs, which had before been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grew weary of good sense; and as we daily see, in our own age, and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympick Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satirick tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides, which are yet remaining, there is one of these satiricks, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude, what likeness they have to the Roman satyr.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who with his company was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which Ulysses having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and

the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your lordship has perceived by this time, that this fatirick tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different; for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness: were Scaliger and Heinfrus alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek fatirick poem from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The fatirick, says he, is a dramattick poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs: the persons represented in it, are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these fatirick tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire: those filli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors.

They

They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name *απο τῆ σιλλαίνειν*, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the *Silli*, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satirick poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another sense, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest among all poets. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's *Silli* the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragick poets; but he applies them satirically, to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these *Silli*, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambicks of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis; and many others: but these are the underwood of satire, rather than the timber-tree: they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the best criticks, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est*: and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry, *Et Græcis intacti carminis author*. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best criticks of the two best ages of the Roman empire, than that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of Satirus from *σαδν*, *salacitas*; and so from the lechery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them. As if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that
we

We lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the Gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them *παναρόν θυσίαν*, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and *πανπερίαν*, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgicks.

Lancibus & *pandis fumantia reddimus exta*. And in another place, *lancesque* & *liba feremus*: that is, we offer the smoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which, (continues Dacier) a method

thod is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian, and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unhewn poetry, was instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramouchies. Such was the poetry of that savage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet, or measure. They were ἐρῶντοι, but not ἑμμετροί: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoons debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated

celebrated in December ; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters ; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals : of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions : *Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem : ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias ; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.* The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans ; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety : and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances ; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player : and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence ; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the Gods by plays, in the year *ab Urbe Condita CCCXC* : those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones* : and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests ; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comædia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year CCCCXIV since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wife Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the manage-
ment

ment of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satirica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse : but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintillian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman ; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconciliation of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work ; begun by Ennius ; pursued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatum, that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light that was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies : playing them at the end of every drama ; as the French continue at this day to act their farces ; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, says Casaubon ; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were
tempered

tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obscenity; and as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the *exodiarrii*, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire: like different cyons from the same root. Which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new drama's, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success, in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his *Margites*, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as
his

his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambick trimeters; or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done into his *Æneid*.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verses, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground work of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him: which Persius observes, in his sixth satire: *postquam defertuit esse Mæonides*. But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius,

his

his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the *vetus comœdia* of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words, *Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*: he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words: *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.*

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, amongst the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which
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the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses; such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observed. Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is visible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those be-
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fore him ; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegance of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Doufa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works ; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it ; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients : it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean ; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose ; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintillian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows ; “ There
“ is another and former kind of satire, composed
“ by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Ro-
“ mans : in which he was not satisfied alone with
“ mingling in it several sorts of verse.” The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro who was contemporary to Cicero, but must conse-
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quently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his *Academics*, introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted which are drawn from the very intrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words. "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and compleat poem; you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called *σπυδογελῶνται*, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business

ness was more to divert his reader than to teach him. And he intitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles,) but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his stile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called *Νενομαρτία*. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made compleat: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also properly be called Varronian satires; particularly his *True History*: and consequently the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the *Mock Deification* of Claudius, by Seneca: and the *Symposium*, or *Cæsars* of Julian the Emperor. Amongst
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the moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriae* of Erasmus, Barclay's *Euphormio*, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were: but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spencer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abfalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written *satyr*. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than *satire*.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room

for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice : and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters ; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him : after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus ; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini : some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy ; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered : he was concerned for his own labour ; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened ; and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors ; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now, myself on the brink of the same precipice ; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius ; and it behoves me to be wary, lest for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong : for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality : and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of king Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtless

doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man) That his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too scrupulous: and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scalliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet in some things to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted, than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his illustrations of him;) yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero, compelled him to this darkness in some places; or that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or lastly, whether after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge: so on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely : he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some places he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witnessed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion, he is manifestly below Horace ; because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him : and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it ; wherein he shews a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observed, while I was translating this author. Scaliger has added others : he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler ; full of ostentation of learning ; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can alledge in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part ; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit ; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense ; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule ; or in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that he was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius shewed his learning, but was no boaster of it ; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare* ;

iare; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critick, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure: and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible.

elligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satire, *At si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works: I understood it; but for that reason turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called *δαίματα*, not *ῥήματα*, that is Prodigies, not Words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must *χελώνες φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν* either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through

with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to chuse his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes

esses through his whole book, is the stoick: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethicks, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds, with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoick philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some perhaps impieties, if we consider them by the standard of christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord, and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquility of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the store-houses and magazines of moral virtues,
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from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoicks have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoick, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs; and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells every where of the meanness of his birth and education; his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*; and writes not with that elevation, which becomes a satirist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the stoick sect at Rome; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself; and in probability a coadjutor of Persius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather,

father, who had been once a slave: but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine now living had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mecænas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him, in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His stile is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their stile; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal: a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non nostrum est*

est tantas componere lites. I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satire: in which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek *silli*, which were *invectives* against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which
reason

reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence: I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the criticks; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a publick nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished, in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to
avoid

avoid reading them. But, good God ! how remote they are in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subjects of satire ! And how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice ! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme ; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are intitled to panegyric ; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches ; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted ; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it : for there is a perpetual dearth of wit ; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers, will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit : no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season : the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness ; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship ; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life : but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both ; but I owe more to Horace, for my instruction ; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors : they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine :
but

but all unbiaſſed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned : to ſuch impartial men I muſt appeal : for they who have already formed their judgment, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of prejudice ; and though all who are my readers, will ſet up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my jury : or, if they be admitted, it is but reaſon that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is ſomewhat the better inſtructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his inſtructions are more general : Juvenal's more limited. So that, granting, that the counſels which they give, are equally good for moral uſe ; Horace, who gives the moſt various advice, and moſt applicable to all occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our lives ; as including in his diſcourſes not only all the rules of morality, but alſo of civil converſation ; is, undoubtedly, to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his inſtructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occaſions, than the other. I may be pardoned for uſing an old ſaying, ſince it is true, and to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communis, eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his firſt ſatire, is in all the reſt confined, to the expoſing of ſome particular vice ; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His ſentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive : but they are ſprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral ; he had found out the ſkill of Virgil, to hide his ſentences : to give you the virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full extent : which is the oſtentation of a poet, and not his art : and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. *Ne ſententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant* : he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embosſed upon it, and ſtriking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry

of Horace, and not vice : and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops ; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest : for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one ; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind fides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy ; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined ; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation which Persius gave him ; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched ; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature ; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people ; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance : but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen : and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them : Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims : but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only : he may ravish other men ; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint ; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit ; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear : he fully satisfies my expectation ; he treats his subject home : his spleen is raised, and he raises mine : I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says ; he drives his reader along with him ; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant ; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble ; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader : and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop ; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely ; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low stile of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally

gravely: I question not but he could have raised it for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satire concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shews, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that for ought I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with comma's after every word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes:

*Non tu, in triviis indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum,
stipula,*

stipula, disperdere, carmen? But to return to my purpose, when there is any thing deficient in numbers, and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder, that finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and

delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill-bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminance of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design; they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sifenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer; That he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: property was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their

lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself, of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros sceminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognisance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Lex læsæ Majestatis*; commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death, with the *fascēs*, which were born before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, *under colour of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparfos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he

took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, & primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat*: they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam*; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign
great

great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number: so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court-satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praise of Horace, that according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius,

of whom Persius says, *sequit Urbem*; & *genuinum fregit in ipsis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. They changed satire, says Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, “a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man.” I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low satire so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn, it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, with-

out

out using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-fides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in this kind of satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think reasonably.

sonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *ense rescindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has rallied more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for ought I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly,

pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men : they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus ; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given : but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary ; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king ; therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record : I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be punns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of king Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace ; but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist : they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them : yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty ; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning ; in Juvenal to chuse a meaning : so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal : so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other.

other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And to shew that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the *Sileni*, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the *Symposium*. They were figures which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-side: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children,
than

than for the serious consideration of men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices.

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falshood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themselves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: And as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves

selves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur olivâ*: Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto*. Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. *Aliter amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis theicis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti subnectit fibula gemma*. Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire; and the golden belt, and the diamond button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito*. And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and derived it from Ennius, to your lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Titboni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.*

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year *ab Urbe conditâ* CCCCXIV. I have
since

since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire. According to that description, which Juvenal gives of it in his first; *quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus nostri est farrago libelli*. This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern criticks, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words; "Satire is a kind of poetry without a series of action, invented for the purg-
 "ing of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are
 "pro-

“ produced from them, in every man, are severely
 “ reprehended ; partly dramatically, partly simply,
 “ and sometimes in both kinds of speaking ; but
 “ for the most part figuratively, and occultly ; con-
 “ sisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp
 “ and pungent manner of speech ; but partly, also,
 “ in a facetious and civil way of jesting ; by which
 “ either hatred, or laughter, or indignation is moved.”
 —Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure
 and perplexed definition, or rather description of
 satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way ;
 and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as
 foreign from that kind of poem : the clause in the
 beginning of it (“ without a series of action”) dis-
 tinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which
 are all of one action, and one continued series of
 action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the
 passions ; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal
 and Persius : the rest which follows, is also generally
 belonging to all three ; till he comes upon us, with
 the excluding clause “ consisting in a low familiar
 “ way of speech,” which is the proper character of
 Horace ; and from which, the other two, for their
 honour be it spoken, are far distant : but how come
 lowness of style, and the familiarity of words to be
 so much the propriety of satire, that without them,
 a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risi-
 bility he can be a man ? Is the fault of Horace to be
 made the virtue and standing rule of this poem ? Is
 the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Ju-
 venal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of
 words and vulgarity of expression ? If Horace re-
 fused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of
 figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent ?
 Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for
 his own pleasure ; but let not them be accounted no
 poets, who choose to mount, and shew their horse-
 manship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there
 never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satires,
 and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp.
 The

The majestick way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us ; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion ? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneid* ? certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred ; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar ; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel ? Would not Donn's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers ? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him : and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donn, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire, that it ought only to treat of one subject ; to be confined to one particular theme ; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English

glish fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design : and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it ; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called *Il Pastor Fido* ; where Corisca and the satyr are the under-parts : yet we may observe, that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain, that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design ; for he gives this very precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum* ; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one ; and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace : and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary ; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according

According to the etymology of the word ; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several subordinate branches of it ; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it ; and with as many precepts as there are members of it ; which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue ; and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head ; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal in every satire, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by shewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoick ; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect ; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers ; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice ; and all vices to be reprehended and made either odious or ridiculous ; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies : and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace : it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donn ; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure : his satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it : but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme, (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain to the best sort of readers ; we are pleased ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes ; it affords us not the
time

time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroick, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion; for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varroian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroick verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation,

as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroick verse, and calls it an heroick poem : his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies ; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*.

*Nec tibi Diva parens ; generis nec Dardanus auget,
Perfide ; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus ; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense :

*Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger :
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger :
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche ;
Caucaise dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche :
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son lait, succer sa Cruauté.*

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgick of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words ; and enobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populos, & prælia dicam.*

And again :

*Sed Genus immortale manet ; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.*

We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights ; and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroick, finely mixed with the venom of the other ; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar,

vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what manner this sort of satire may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroick poetry itself; of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which, he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloathed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spencer, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither

that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spencer, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spencer had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language, are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsb, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. *Delicat & bien tourné*, are the highest commendations, which they bestow, on somewhat which they think a master-piece.

An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :

*Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore, corpus;
Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere læto!*

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus :

*Jam jam nulla viro juranti femina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeffit apisci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.*

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon :

*Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.*

Lastly,

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the Georgick of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her, till she was come on earth:

*Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*

I will not burden your lordship with more of them; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties: I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation,
but

but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what yet is more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense; who not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business, as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of
compassing

compassing the only end, which is instruction ; must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy ; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet : neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were ; yet in the way took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetick part.

The English verse which we call heroick, consists of no more than ten syllables ; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen ; as for example, this verse in Virgil :

Pul-verulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables ; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty : and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation : his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme ; and that into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together ; the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday

liday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes : but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains ; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place are mortally offended ; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it : we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetick dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English : and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is either when there is some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours ; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded : we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged ; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shewn in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back

DEDICATION.

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is turned, and while you are otherwise employed :
with great confusion, for having entertained you
so long with this discourse ; and for having no
other recompence to make you, than the worthy
labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and
the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and per-
petual good wishes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obliged, most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

John Dryden.

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with all writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict's himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inweighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
 Stunn'd with hoarse ¹ Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
 Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
 Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
 Huge ² Telephus, a formidable page,
 Cries vengeance; and ³ Orestes' bulky rage
 Unsatisfy'd with margins closely writ,
 Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
 No man can take a more familiar note
 Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grott,
 Or Mars his grove ⁴, or hollow winds that blow
 From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
 I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
 The Centaurs fury, and the golden fleece;
 Thro' the thick shades th' eternal scribler bauls,
 And shades the statues on their pedestals.
 The best and worst ⁵ on the same theme employs
 His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.

¹ Codrus, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad poet, who wrote the life and actions of *Theſeus*.

² *Telephus*, the name of a tragedy.

³ *Orestes*, another tragedy.

⁴ *Mars his grove*. Some commentators take this grove to be a place where poets were used to repeat their works to the people; but more probably, both this and Vulcan's grott, or cave, and the rest of the places and names here mentioned, are only meant for the common-places of Homer, in his *Iliad*, and *Odyſſey*.

⁵ *The best and worst*; that is, the best and the worst poets.

Provok'd

Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
 I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
 Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
 Advising Sylla ⁶ to a private gown.
 But, since the world with writing is possest,
 I'll verify in spite; and do my best,
 To make as much waste paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the satire's rod,
 And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius ⁷ trod,
 Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
 When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
 When mannish Mevia ⁸, that two-handed whore,
 Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar,
 When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
 Whose razor ⁹ on my callow beard was try'd;
 When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
 Crispinus ¹, both in birth and manners vile,
 Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
 Chang'd oft a-day for needless luxury;
 And finding oft occasion to be fan'd,
 Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
 Charg'd with light summer-rings ² his fingers sweat,
 Unable to support a gem of weight:
 Such fulsom objects meeting every where,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
 What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!

⁶ *Advising Sylla, &c.* This was one of the themes given in the schools of rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; whether Sylla should lay down the supreme power of dictatorship, or still keep it.

⁷ *Lucilius*, the first satirist of the Romans, who wrote long before Horace.

⁸ *Mevia*, a name put for any impudent or mannish woman.

⁹ *Whose razor, &c.* Juvenal's barber now grown wealthy.

¹ *Crispinus*, an Egyptian slave; now by his riches transformed into a nobleman.

² *Charg'd with light summer rings, &c.* The Romans were grown so effeminate in Juvenal's time, that they wore light rings in the summer, and heavier in the winter.

When pleading Matho 3, borne abroad for air,
 With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
 And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
 Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
 And but the wish'd occasion does attend
 From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
 Whom ev'n spies dread as their superiour fiend,
 And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
 They send their prostituted wives for bail:
 When night-performance holds the place of merit,
 And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
 For such good parts are in preferment's way,
 The rich old madam never fails to pay
 Her legacies, by nature's standard giv'n,
 One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
 A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
 With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
 At unawares has trode upon a snake;
 Or play'd at Lyons 4 a declaiming prize,
 For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
 Choak up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
 Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
 When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
 And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve and get him drunk ere three:

3 *Matho*, a famous lawyer, mentioned in other places by Juvenal and Martial.

4 At Lyons; a city in France, where annual sacrifices and games were made in honour of Augustus Cæsar.

Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province ⁵, to complain?

Such villanies rous'd Horace ⁶ into wrath :
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete ;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.

With what impatience must the Muse behold
The wife, by her procuring husband sold ?
For tho' the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed ;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose courfers kept, ran out his father's land ;
Who yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove }
With boasted art to please his eunuch love ⁷.

Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mecenas-like ⁸, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six weary'd slaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new :

⁵ *Prewailing province, &c.* Here the poet complains, that the governors of provinces being accus'd for their unjust exactions, though they were condemned at their tryals, yet got off by bribery.

⁶ *Horace*, who wrote satires : 'tis more noble, says our author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the labours of Hercules, the sufferings of Diomedes and his followers, or the flight of Dedalus who made the labyrinth, and the death of his son Icarus.

⁷ *His eunuch-love.* Nero married Sporus an Eunuch ; though it may be the poet meant Nero's mistress in man's apparel.

⁸ *Mecenas-like.* Mecenas is often tax'd by Seneca and others, for his effeminacy.

Made wealthy at the small expence of signing
 With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
 The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
 Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:
 So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
 That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
 Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
 And spotted corps are frequent on the bier.
 Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
 Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
 Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
 For virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves.

Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss,
 Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;

And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
 Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
 His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?⁹

Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
 Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?

If nature could not, anger would indite
 Such woful stuff as I or Shadwel write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's¹ boat,
 Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
 And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
 An oracle how man might be restor'd;
 When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
 And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
 What ever since that golden age was done,
 What human kind desires, and what they shun,
 Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
 Shall this satirical collection fill.

⁹ *And hope to sleep?* The meaning is, that the very consideration of such a crime will hinder a virtuous man from taking his repose.

¹ *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the world was drown'd, escaped to the top of mount *Parnassus*; and were commanded to restore mankind by throwing stones over their heads: the stones he threw became men, and those she threw became women.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
 Or when was avarice extended more?
 When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
 The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
 But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
 The steward brings the deeds which must convey
 The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
 When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
 And not enough is left him to supply
 Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age so many summer-seats did see?
 Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
 As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
 Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
 Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
 Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
 The paltry largesse, too, severely watch'd,
 Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care,
 That no intruding guests usurp a share.
 Known, you receive; the cryer calls aloud
 Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
 Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
 The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
 The freedman juffles and will be prefer'd;
 First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
 Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
 Tho' born a slave, tho' my torn ears are bor'd²,
 'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
 The rent of five fair houses I receive;
 What greater honours can the purple give?
 The poor patrician³ is reduced to keep,
 In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:

² *Though my torn ears are bor'd*: The ears of all slaves were bored as a mark of their servitude; which custom is still usual in the East-Indies, and in other parts, even for whole nations; who bore prodigious holes in their ears, and wear vast weights at them.

³ *The poor Patrician*; the poor nobleman.

Not Pallus nor Licinius ⁴ had my treasure ;
 Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
 Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
 And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet :
 Gold is the greatest God ; though yet we see
 No temples rais'd to money's majesty,
 No altars fuming to her pow'r divine,
 Such as to valour, peace, and virtue shine,
 And faith, and concord : where the stork on high ⁵
 Seems to salute her infant progeny :
 Prefaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
 But since our knights and senators account,
 To what their sordid begging vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
 Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends !
 Their household fire, their raiment, and their food, ^d
 Prevented by those harpies ⁶ ; when a wood
 Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
 And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
 The promis'd dole : nay, some have learn'd the trick
 To beg for absent persons ; feign them sick,
 Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air :
 And for their wives produce an empty chair.
 This is my spouse : dispatch her with her share.
 'Tis ⁷ Galla : let her ladyship but peep :
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.

Such

⁴ *Pallus*, or *Licinius*. *Pallus*, a slave freed by *Claudius Cæsar*, and raised by his favour to great riches. *Licinius* was another wealthy freedman, belonging to *Augustus*.

⁵ *Where the stork on high, &c.* Perhaps the storks were used to build on the top of the temple dedicated to Concord.

⁶ *Prevented by those Harpies* : He calls the Roman knights, &c. *Harpies*, or devourers : in those days the rich made doles intended for the poor : but the great were either so covetous, or so needy, that they came in their litters to demand their shares of the largess ; and thereby prevented, and consequently starved the poor.

⁷ *'Tis Galla, &c.* The meaning is, that noblemen would cause empty litters to be carried to the giver's door, pretending their wives

were

Such fine employments our whole days divide:
 The salutations of the morning tide
 Call up the sun ; those ended, to the hall
 We wait the patron, hear the lawyers baul ;
 Then ⁸ to the statues ; where amidst the race
 Of conq'ring Rome, some Arab shews his face,
 Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place ;
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The great man, home conducted, shuts his door ;
 Old clients, weary'd out with fruitless care,
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair,
 Tho' much against the grain forc'd to retire,
 Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Mean time his lordship lolls within at ease,
 Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities ;
 Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast ;
 And his own gut the sole invited guest.
 Such plate, such tables, dishes dress'd so well,
 That whole estates are swallowed at a meal.
 Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board :
 (At once a sordid and luxurious lord :)
 Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dress'd ;
 (A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
 But present punishment pursues his maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw

were within them : 'tis Galla, that is, my wife : the next words,
 Let her ladyship but peep, are of the servant who distributes the dole ;
 let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the litter. The
 husband answers, she is asleep, and to open the litter would disturb
 her rest.

⁸ *Then to the statues, &c.* The poet here tells you how the idle
 passed their time ; in going first to the levees of the great, then to
 the hall, that is to the temple of Apollo, to hear the lawyers plead ;
 then to the market-place of Augustus, where the statues of the fa-
 mous Romans were set in ranks on pedestals : amongst which statues
 were seen those of foreigners, such as Arabs, &c. who, for no desert,
 but only on the account of their wealth, or favour, were placed
 amongst the noblest.

He bears into the bath ; whence want of breath,
Repletion, apoplex, intestate death.

His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.

No age can go beyond us ; future times
Can add no farther to the present crimes.

Our sons but the same things can wish and do ;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.

Then satire spread thy sails ; take all the winds can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field ;

From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
Bold truth to speak, and spoken to maintain ?

When god-like freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left ?

Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,

No matter if the great forgave or not :

But if that honest licence now you take,

If into rogues omnipotent you rake,

Death is your doom, impail'd upon a stake ;

Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught

Of pois'nous juice be then in triumph brought,

Make lanes among the people where they go

And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw

Disdainful glances on the crowd below ?

Be silent, and beware, if such you see ;

'Tis defamation but to say, That's he !

Against 9 bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,

Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm :

9 *Against bold Turnus, &c.* A poet may safely write an heroick poem, such as that of Virgil, who describes the duel of Turnus and Æneas ; or of Homer who writes of Achilles and Hector ; or the death of Hylas the Catamite of Hercules ; who stooping for water, dropt his pitcher, and fell into the well after it. But it is dangerous to write satire like Lucilius.

216 The FIRST SATIRE, &c.

Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain :
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry ;
Not if he drown himself for company :
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part ;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart :
Muse, be advis'd ; 'tis past considering time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of rhyme ;
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

T H E
T H I R D S A T I R E
O F
J U V E N A L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbrilius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbrilius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

G Riev'd tho' I am an ancient friend to lose,

I like the solitary seat he chose :

In quiet ¹ Cumæ fixing his repose :

Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,

And one more citizen to Sybil gives.

}

¹ Cumæ, a small city in Campania, near Puteoli, or Puzzolo, as it is called. The habitation of the Cumæan Sybil.

The

The road to ² Bajæ, and that soft recess
 Which all the Gods with all their bounty bless,
 Tho' I in ³ Prochyta with greater ease
 Could live, than in a street of palaces.
 What scene so desert, or so full of fright,
 As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night,
 And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light? }
 But worse than all the clatt'ring tiles; and worse
 Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
 Rogues that ⁴ in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
 But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
 Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
 He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
 Where ⁵ Numa modell'd once the Roman state,
 In mighty councils with his ⁶ nymph retir'd:
 Tho' now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
 By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
 In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
 Yet such our av'rice is, that ev'ry tree
 Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
 Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
 From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
 Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
 I and my sullen discontented friend:
 The marble caves, and aquæducts we view;
 But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!

² *Baiæ*; another little town in Campania, near the sea: a pleasant place.

³ *Prochyta*: A small barren island belonging to the kingdom of Naples.

⁴ *In dog-days*, The poets in Juvenal's time, used to rehearse their poetry in August.

⁵ *Numa*. The second king of Rome; who made their laws and instituted their religion.

⁶ *Nymph Ægeria*, a nymph or goddess, with whom Numa feigned to converse by night; and to be instructed by her in modelling his superstitions.

How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where chrystal streams thro' living turff had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone !

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty encreasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where 7 Dedalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I chuse to fly :

While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And 8 Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.

Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face :

Here let 9 Arturius live, and such as he ;

Such manners will with such a town agree.

Knave who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black ;

Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise ; can cleanse the common-shoar ;

And rent the fishery ; can bear the dead ;

And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,

All this for gain ; for gain they sell their very head.

These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)

Were once the minstrels of a country show :

Follow'd the prizes thro' each paltry town,

By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.

7 *Where Dedalus, &c.* Meaning at Cumæ.

8 *Lachesis* ; one of the three destinies, whose office was to spin the life of every man ; as it was of Clotho to hold the distaff, and Atropos to cut the thread.

9 *Arturius*. Any debauched wicked fellow who gains by the times.

But

But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
 At their own costs exhibit public plays :
 Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
 With ¹ thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
 From thence return'd, their fordid avarice rakes
 In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
 Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
 Since such as they have fortune in a string ?
 Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance ;
 And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
 What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I there,
 I who can neither lie nor falsely swear ?
 Nor praise my pat'rons undeserving rhimes,
 Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times ;
 Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
 Like canting rascals, how the wars will go :
 I neither will, nor can prognosticate
 To the young gaping heir, his father's fate :
 Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
 Nor carry'd bawdy presents to a bride :
 For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone,
 I go conducted on my way by none :
 Like a dead member from the body rent ;
 Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
 Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
 Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes ;
 Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
 Yet never must to public light return ;
 They get reward alone who can betray :
 For keeping honest counsels none will pay.

¹ *With thumbs bent back.* In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserved it not, they held up their thumbs, and bent them backwards, in sign of death.

He who can ² Verres when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use :
But let not all the gold which ³ Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt the breast ;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
What confidence our wealthy Romans chose :
And whom I most abhor : to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find :
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene ⁴ Orontes diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to ⁵ Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores :
Hither their crooked harps and customs come :
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.

The barbarous harlots crowd the publick place :
Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace ;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face. }
Old ⁶ Romulus, and father Mars look down, }
Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown }
Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown. }
His once unkem'd, and horrid locks, behold
Stilling sweet oil : his neck inchain'd with gold :

² *Verres*, Prætor in Sicily, contemporary with Cicero ; by whom accused of oppressing the province, he was condemned : his name is used here for any rich vicious man.

³ *Tagus*, a famous river in Spain, which discharges itself into the ocean near Lisbon in Portugal. It was held of old, to be full of golden sands.

⁴ *Orontes*, the greatest river of Syria : the poet here puts the river for the inhabitants of Syria.

⁵ *Tyber* ; the river which runs by Rome.

⁶ *Romulus* ; first king of Rome ; son of Mars, as the poets feign. The first Romans were originally herdsmen.

Aping

Aping the foreigners in ev'ry drefs ;
 Which, bought at greater coft, becomes him lefs.
 Mean time they wifely leave their native land,
 From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
 And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals :
 So sweet and eafy is the gain from fools.
 Poor refugees at firft, they purchafe here :
 And, foon as denizen'd, they domineer.
 Grow to the great, a flatt'ring fervile rout :
 Work themfelves inward, and their patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
 Patient of labours, and difsembling wrongs.
 Riddle me this, and guefs him if you can,
 Who bears a nation in a fingle man ?
 A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
 A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
 A dancer on the ropes, and a phyfician.
 All things the hungry Greek exactly knows :
 And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
 In fhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
 But 7 in that town which arms and arts adorn,
 Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
 In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord ?
 Shall he before me fign, whom t'other day
 A fmall craft veffel hither did convey ;
 Where ftow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay ?
 How little is the privilege become
 Of being born a citizen of Rome !
 The Greeks get all by fulfome flatteries ;
 A moft peculiar ftroke they have at lies.
 They make a wit of their infipid friend ;
 His blobber-lip, and beetle-brows commend ;
 His long crane-neck, and narrow foulders praife ;
 You'd think they were defcribing Hercules.

7 But in that town, &c. He means Athens ; of which, Pallas the
 goddefs of arms and arts was patronefs.

A creaking voice for a clear trebble goes ;
Tho' harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise ; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we :
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not ³ Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please :
The nation is compos'd of such as these. }
All Greece is one comedian : laugh, and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray :
Grieve, and they grieve ; if you weep silently, }
There seems a silent echo in their eye :
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry. }
Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take :
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake :
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters who can better please :
Who day and night are like a looking-glass ;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford ;
They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Thro' the whole family their labours run ;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won : }
Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son. }

³ *Antiochus* and *Stratocles*, two famous Grecian mimicks, or actors, in the poet's time.

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
 They with the walls and very floors commit.
 They search the secrets of the house, and so
 Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
 On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
 A rigid ⁹ stoick his own pupil slew :
 A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
 Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
 What room is left for Romans in a town
 Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the gown?
 Some ¹ Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
 Look sharply out, our senators to seize :
 Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
 And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles heart :
 One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
 Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me ;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
 In vain forgotten services I boast ;
 My long dependance in an hour is lost :
 Look round the world, what country will appear,
 Where friends are left with greater ease than here ?
 At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
 All offices of ours are out of door :
 In vain we rise, and to the levees run ;
 My lord himself is up, before, and gone :
 The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
 Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race :
 The childish matrons are, long since, awake ;
 And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
 On the left-hand of a rich hireling run ;

⁹ *A rigid stoick, &c.* Publius Ignatius, a stoick, falsely accused
 Bareas Sorenius, as Tacitus tells us.

¹ *Diphilus, and Protogenes, &c.* were Grecians living in Rome.

Because

Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay :
But you, poor finner, though you love the vice,
And like the whore, demur upon the price :
And, frightened with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.

Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
Or ² him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from the fire !
The question is not put how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends :
Quick to the bus'ness ; how he lives and eats ;
How largely gives ; how splendidly he treats :
How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
What are his rents ? what servants does he keep,
Th' account is soon cast up ; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.

Swear by our Gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor :
The poor must gain their bread by perjury ;
And e'en the Gods, that other means deny
In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lye.

Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store ;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor :
For the torn furtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest :
The greasy gown, sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning :
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded ! see the plaister on his foot.
Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool ;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

² Or him who bid, &c. Lucius Metellus the high-priest ; who
when the temple of Vesta was on fire, saved the Palladium.

Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
 (The master of the ceremonies cries)
 This is no place for you, whose small estate
 Is not the value of the settled rate:
 The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
 Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
 To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
 Up to the galleries, for shame retreat;
 For, by the 3 Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
 Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
 The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?
 Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging chair?
 The poor were wise, who by the rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
 And servants bellies cost so devilish dear;
 And tavern-bills run high for hungry cheer.
 To drink or eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
 And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
 Some distant parts of Italy are known,
 Where 4 none but only dead men wear a gown:
 On theatres of turf, in homely state,
 Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
 And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.

3 *For by the Roscian law, &c.* Roscius a tribune, who ordered the distinction of places in publick shows, betwixt the noblemen of Rome and the Plebeians.

4 *Where none but only dead men, &c.* The meaning is, that men in some parts of Italy never wore a gown (the usual habit of the Romans) till they were buried in one.

The mimic yearly gives the same delights ;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights.
Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
Are plain, alike ; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears ;
The country bumpkin the same liv'ry wears.

}

But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show :
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine ;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine,
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that *Coffus* may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you ;
May take your incense like a gracious God,
And answer only with a civil nod ?

To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page :
Shave his first down, and when he pulls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear :
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our off'rings, help to raise his vails.

Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall ?
But we inhabit a weak city here ;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear :
And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close ;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear ;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

Coffus is here taken for any great man.

Q 2

Thy

'Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store
 (Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
 Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
 Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
 For if the lowest floors already burn,
 Cock-lofts and garrets soon will take the turn.
 Where ⁶ thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
 Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.

7 Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
 That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
 His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
 Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd.
 And, to support this noble plate, there lay
 A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
 His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
 Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
 Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
 And with heroick verse luxuriously were fed.
 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
 Begg'd naked thro' the streets of wealthy Rome;
 And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the palace of Arturius burn,
 The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
 The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
 The very name of fire we hate and fear:
 And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
 While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
 Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
 One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
 With naked statues of the Parian stone,

6 *Where thy tame pigeons, &c.* The Romans used to breed their tame pigeons in their garrets.

7 *Codrus*, a learned man, very poor: by his books supposed to be a poet. For, in all probability, the heroick verses here mentioned which rats and mice devoured, were Homer's works.

The work of Polyclete, that seem to live ;
While others images for altars give ;
One books and skreens, and Pallas to the breast ;
Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store :
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too :
Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome doghole by the year.

A small convenience decently prepar'd,
A shallow well that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die ;
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny ;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep ;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome ;
And hence the sources of diseases come.

The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets ;
The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way ;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease : the shutters make it night.

8 A Pythagorean treat : He means herbs, roots, fruits, and sallads,

Yet still he reaches, first, the public place :
 The prease before him stops the client's pace.
 The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
 And trip his heels ; he walks not, but he rides.
 One elbows him, one jostles in the shole :
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole :
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes ;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what smoke our doles we celebrate :
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state :
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens
 wait,

Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
 Which scarce 9 gigantic Corbulo could rear :
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the load ;
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.
 Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn.
 Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie ;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
 For, should their axel break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below :
 Nor friends their friends, nor fires their sons could know :
 Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain :
 But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain,
 One vast destruction ; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, invisibly are flown.
 Mean time, unknowing of their fellows fate,
 The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display :
 And oil them first ; and each is handy in his way.

9 *Gigantick Corbulo*. Corbulo was a famous general in Nero's time, who conquered Armenia, and was afterwards put to death by that tyrant, when he was in Greece, in reward of his great services. His stature was not only tall, above the ordinary size : but he was also proportionably strong.

But he, for whom this busy care they take,
 Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake :
 Affrighted with ¹ the ferryman's grim face ;
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place ;
 His passage begs with unregarded pray'r :
 And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.

Return we to the dangers of the night ;
 And, first, behold our houses dreadful height :
 From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down ;
 And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown :
 Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty
 stone.

'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late ;
 Unless thou first has settled thy estate.
 As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
 To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
 The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
 Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
 Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
 Than ² stern Achilles, when his friend was slain :
 'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
 A bully cannot sleep without a brail :
 Yet tho' his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
 He wants not wit the danger to decline :
 Is cautious to avoid the coach and fix,
 And on the laquies will no quarrel fix.
 His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
 May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
 But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
 Or lighted only with a candle's end,

¹ *The ferryman's, &c.* Charon the ferry-man of hell, whose fare was a half-penny for every soul.

² *Stern Achilles.* The friend of Achilles was Patroclus, who was slain by Hector.

Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
 He only cudgels, and I only bear.
 He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
 For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
 And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
 Whose windy beans have stuff'd your guts, and where
 Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
 With what companion-cobler have you fed,
 On old ox-cheeks, or he-goats tougher head?
 What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer, quick,
 Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
 Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
 Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be found?
 Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
 He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
 Before the bar, for beating him you come;
 'This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
 You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
 With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
 To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
 When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
 And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
 The ruffian robbers by no justice aw'd,
 And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
 Those venal souls, who harden'd in each ill,
 To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
 Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come }
 To this vast city, as their native home: }
 To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
 Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
 Goads for the teams, and plough-shares for the plough.

Oh happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath 3 the kings and tribunitial powers !
One jail did all their criminals restrain ;
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.

More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure ; but the sun is low :
The waggoner grows weary of my stay ;
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewel ; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own 4 Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend ; and send me word,
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford :
Then, to assist your satires, I will come ;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

3 *Beneath the kings, &c.* Rome was originally ruled by kings : till for the rape of Lucretia, Tarquin the Proud was expelled. After which it was governed by two consuls, yearly chosen ; but they oppressing the people, the commoners mutinied, and procured tribunes to be created, who defended their privileges, and often opposed the consular authority, and the senate.

4 *Aquinum* was the birth-place of Juvenal.

THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.
THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis indeed, a common place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion; and on that consideration chiefly I ventured

to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fidlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French

is now with us.) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husbands sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to shew the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

IN ¹ Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
 There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
 When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
 The sheep, the shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
 When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread }
 By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
 And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head. }
 Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
 (Affected nymphs with new-affected names:)
 The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
 Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
 Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
 Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
 Rough as their savage lords, who rang'd the wood,
 And ² fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
 For when the world was buxom, fresh and young,
 Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
 And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
 Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,

¹ In the golden age; when Saturn reigned.

² Acorns were the bread of mankind, before corn was found.

Or from what other atoms they begun,
 No fires they had, or if a fire the sun.
 Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
 Ev'n 3 under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
 Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
 By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
 Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
 Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
 At length 4 uneasy Justice upwards flew,
 And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
 From that old æra whoring did begin,
 So venerably ancient is the sin.
 Adult'ers next invade the nuptial state,
 And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
 All other ills did iron times adorn;
 But whores and silver in one age were born.
 Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
 Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
 They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
 The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
 A sober man like thee to change his life!
 What fury would possess thee with a wife?
 Art thou of every other death bereft,
 No knife, no ratbane, no kind halter left?
 (For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap)
 Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
 Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
 A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
 He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
 Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
 Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
 When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.

3 When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the silver age began, according to the poets.

4 The poet makes Justice and Chastity sisters; and says, that they fled to heaven together, and left earth for ever.

But

But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
 Longs for a son to settle his estate,
 And takes no gifts, tho' every gaping heir
 Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.
 What revolution can appear so strange,
 As such a leacher, such a life to change?
 A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
 To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
 He who so often in a dreadful fright
 Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's fight,
 That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
 Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
 'The man's grown mad; to ease his frantic pain,
 Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
 But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
 To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
 And let him every deity adore,
 If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
 In head and tail, and every other pore.
 On 5 Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
 Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night:
 Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
 Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
 With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
 Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
 Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
 She, sooner with one eye would be content.

And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
 In some small village, though fame says not where:
 'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
 'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
 And yet some lustful God might there make bold,
 Are 6 Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?

5 *Ceres' feast.* When the Roman women were forbidden to bed with their husbands.

6 *Jove and Mars.* Of whom more fornicating stories are told than of any of the other gods.

Many

Many a nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love without a feather bed.
Whither would'st thou to chuse a wife resort,
The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.

One sees a dancing-master cap'ring high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy :
Another does, with all his motions move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love :
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the finger dotes :
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears ;
And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatre's grown dumb)
Their mem'ries to refresh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the player's parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price ;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought :
(Tho' but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, tho' for counsel us'd,
In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs ;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword :
To wond'ring 7 Pharos with her love she fled,
To shew one monster more than Africk bred :

7 She fled to Egypt ; which wondered at the enormity of her crime.
Forgetting

Forgetting house and husband, left behind
 Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her kind. }
 But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She could the play-house and the players leave.
 Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
 She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
 Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
 On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
 Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
 But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
 The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
 So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
 But had some honest cause her passage prest,
 The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
 Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
 But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
 Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
 What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
 Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
 The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
 But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
 Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
 Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord: }
 And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
 Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
 What youth, what beauty could th' adult'rer boast?
 What was the face, for which she could sustain
 To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
 The gallant, of his days had known the best: }
 Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
 And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest. }
 A promontory wen, with griesly grace,
 Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
 His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
 His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.

But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move :
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord,

This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred bows of monarchs bear:
The ⁸ good old fluggard but began to snore,
When from his side up rose th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night
To poms, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace:
Muffled she march'd, luke Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.

To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.

Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts and with desiring eyes.

Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.

At length when friendly darkness is expir'd,

And ev'ry strumpet from her cell retir'd,

She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,

With a repining sigh submits to fate:

All filth without, and all a fire within,

Tir'd with the toil, unfated with the sin.

Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;

The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,

In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,

She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide;

With all their trumpery of charms beside;

⁸ He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

And all their arts of death : it would be known
 Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
 Cesennia still, they say, is guiltless found
 Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd :
 And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.
 She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
 His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters fast :
 He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
 Who would not do as much for such a dower ?
 She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
 Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
 And might do more; her portion makes it good;
 Wealth ⁹ has the privilege of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,
 Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
 But know him better; for I heard him swear,
 'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
 Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
 Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
 Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
 Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
 You grow offensive both at bed and board:
 Your betters must be had to please my lord.

Mean time she's absolute upon the throne:
 And knowing time is precious, loses none:
 She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
 Than silk and vineyards of the noblest wine:
 Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
 And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
 In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
 Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
 When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
 Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;

⁹ *Wealth has the privilege, &c.* His meaning is, that a wife who brings a large dowry may do what she pleases, and has all the privileges of a widow.

Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agat vases, and old China ware :
Then ¹ Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous loves :
And infamously dear : a brother's bribe,
Ev'n God's anointed, and of Juda's tribe :
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,
And think it only sin to feed on swine.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town ? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life ;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers arms :
Grant her, besides of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began :
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.

A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight !
Some country-girl, scarce to a curt'sey bred,
Would I much rather than ² Cornelia wed :
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

O ³ Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go :
But fullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.

¹ A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was the king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

² Cornelia, mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelii ; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

³ He alludes to the known fable of Niobe in Ovid. Amphion was her husband : Pæan is Apollo, who with his arrows killed her children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than Latona, Apollo's mother.

His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
 Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boast,
 As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
 The 4 thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
 So great a price, if stately and severe
 She still insults, and you must still adore;
 Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
 Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
 Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praise:
 Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow;
 For what so nauseous and affected too,
 As those that think they due perfection want,
 Who have not learnt to lisp the 5 Grecian cant?
 In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek:
 Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
 But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
 They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
 In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
 Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
 Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
 Such affectations may become the young;
 But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
 Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
 Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All those tender words
 'The momentary trembling blifs affords,
 'The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
 Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
 Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
 They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
 But all provocatives from thee are vain:
 No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.

If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
 What reason should thy mind to marriage move?

4 He alludes to the white sow in Virgil, who farrow'd thirty pigs.

5 Women then learnt Greek, as ours speak French.

Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
 Wine and deserts, and sweet-meats to digest ?
 Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
 Giv'n for their first and only happy night ?
 If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
 Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke :
 But for no mercy from thy woman look.
 For tho' perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
 To absolute dominion she aspires ;
 Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse ;
 The better husband makes the wife the worse.
 Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
 All offices of ancient friendship die ;
 Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
 By 6 thy imperious wife thou art bereft ;
 A privilege, to pimps and panders left ;
 Thy testament's her will ; where she prefers
 Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
 Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

Go 7 drag that slave to death : 8 Your reason, why
 Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die ?
 What proofs ? For, when man's life is in debate,
 The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
 Call'st 9 thou that slave a man, the wife replies :
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
 I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill ;
 And give no other reason but my will.

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with change,
 Her wild affections to new empires range :
 Another subject-husband she desires ;
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,

6 All the Romans, even the most inferior, and most infamous
 sort of them, had the power of making wills.

7 Go drag that slave, &c. These are the words of the wife.

8 Your reason why, &c. The answer of the husband.

9 Call'st thou that slave a man ? The wife again.

While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
 And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
 So still the reck'ning rises; and appears
 In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
 The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
 But that it would too commonly be writ.

Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
 She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
 Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
 She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
 And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style,
 In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
 She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
 The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
 Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
 The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
 Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er,
 Can'st thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
 Should teach her other manners than her own?
 Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives:
 'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.

No cause is try'd at the litigious bar,
 But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
 They form the process, all the briefs they write;
 The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
 And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.

They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
 They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil;
 Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
 Flourish the sword, and at the flastron push.
 Of ev'ry exercise the mannish crew
 Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
 Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
 But rout the gladiators on the stage.
 What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
 Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
 To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
 For frothy praises and an empty name.
 Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold
 All thy wife's magazine by auction sold !
 The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
 Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots !
 Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
 Of figur'd silks, and under farcenet sweat.
 Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
 She stands in guard with her right foot before :
 Her coats tuck'd up ; and all her motions just,
 She stamps, and then cries hah ! at ev'ry thrust :
 But laugh to see her tir'd with many a bout,
 Call for the pot, and like a man piss out.
 The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
 Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
 Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred :
 The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
 Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
 Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
 Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first ;
 Thy servants are accus'd ; thy whore is curst ;
 She acts the jealous, and at will she cries :
 For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
 Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
 And suck'st between her lips the falling tear :
 But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
 Each tiller there with love-epistles lin'd.
 Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
 This you would think so manifest a case,
 No rhetoric could defend ; no impudence out-face ;
 And yet even then she cries the marriage-vow
 A mental reservation must allow ;

And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,
 The parties should be pleas'd on either side :
 And both may for their private needs provide.
 Tho' men yourselves, and women us you call,
 Yet *homo* is a common name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught ;
 Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
 Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
 Our matrons were : no luxury found room
 In low-rooft houses, and bare walls of lome ;
 Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
 And frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night,
 While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight ;
 When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate :
 But wanton now and lolling at our ease,
 We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
 And wasteful riot ; whose destructive charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms,
 No crime, no lustful postures are unknown ;
 Since Poverty, our guardian God, is gone :
 Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
 Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts ;
 Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
 Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple manners to betray.

What care our drunken dames to whom they spread ?
 Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
 Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
 For hot eringoes and fat oysters call :
 Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust ;
 Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
 When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
 And double tapers on the tables dance.

Y A famous Carthaginian captain, who was upon the point of conquering the Romans.

Now

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At Modesty's old statue ; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light ;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the 2 Goddess nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers understood :
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe ;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair ;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare :
Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies ;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife ;
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vig'rous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old 3 Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral sound,
An universal groan of lust goes round ;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of action ; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The whoresons are asleep ; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred writes were free
From those pollutions of obscenity :
But 'tis well known 4 what singer, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd ;

2 *The Good Goddess.* At whose feasts no men were to be present.

3 *Nestor.* Who lived three hundred years.

4 He alludes to the story of P. Clo dius, who, disguis'd in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Cæsar, where the feast of the Good Goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Cæsar's wife Pompeia.

Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
 Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument ;
 A grateful present to those holy choirs,
 Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires ;
 And ev'n male-pictures modestly are vail'd ;
 Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd ;
 No scoffers at religious rites are found ;
 Tho' now, at ev'ry altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
 Keep close your women under lock and key :
 But, who shall keep those keepers ? Women, nurse
 In craft : begin with those, and bribe them first.
 The sex is turn'd all whore ; they love the game :
 And mistresses and maids are both the same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
 Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play :
 She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
 And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
 Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try :
 But women have no shame of poverty.
 They live beyond their stint ; as if their store
 The more exhausted, would encrease the more :
 Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
 Provide against th' extremities of want ;
 But womankind, that never knows a mean,
 Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain :
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear :
 And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

There are who in soft eunuchs place their bliss ;
 To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss ;
 And 'scape abortion ; but their solid joy
 Is 5 when the page, already past a boy,
 Is capon'd late ; and to the guelder shown,
 With his two pounders to perfection grown.

5 He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children ; but adds, that they only love such eunuchs as are gelded when they are already at the age of manhood.

When all the navel-string could give, appears;
 All but the beard, and that's the barber's loss, not theirs.
 Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
 He struts into the bath, among the fair:
 Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
 And, kneeling, on their new ⁶ Priapus call,
 Kerv'd for his lady's use, and with her lies;
 And let him drudge for her, if thou art wife,
 Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
 He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.

If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
 Beyond his compass 'till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
 His lute and lyre, with their embrace is worn;
 With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
 Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
 And make love to it, in the master's place.

A certain lady once of high degree,
 To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
 That ⁷ Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
 Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
 She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have done
 For a sick husband, or an only son?
 With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
 The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
 The forms of pray'r she solemnly pursues;
 And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
 Answer, ye Pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,
 Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all; for ⁸ actors, they implore:
 An impudence not known to heav'n before.
 Th' ⁹ Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
 Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.

⁶ The god of lust.

⁷ A famous singing boy.

⁸ That such an actor whom they love might win the prize.

⁹ He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and from thence foretels the success.

But

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
 If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
 Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
 For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endless itch of news comes next in play;
 They vent their own, and hear what others say.
 Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;
 Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdam, and the son.
 Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
 And who is jilted for another's sake.

What pregnant widow in what month was made;
 How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
 Knows whom it threatens, and what land destroys,
 Still for the freshest news she lies in wait;
 And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.
 Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever she can meet,
 She spreads; and is the fame of ev'ry street.

This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
 A very judgment, and her neighbours curse:
 For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
 No pray'r can bind her, no excuse appease.
 Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
 But first the master, who the curr maintain'd,
 Must feel the scourge: by night she leaves her bed.
 By night her bathing equipage is led,
 That marching armies a less noise create;
 She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
 Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
 Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
 At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
 Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
 And then to clear her stomach, spews it up.
 The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
 And the four favour nauseates ev'ry nose.
 She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
 Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:

But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits. }

She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-plust, in his sute;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.

Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And 1 Vulcan with his whole militia there.

Tabors 2 and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.

Ev'n wit's a burden, when it talks too long:

But she who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side

Is pester'd with a 3 mood and figure bride!

Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my fate)

No logic learn, nor history translate;

But rather be a quiet, humble fool:

I hate a wife to whom I go to school,

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows

Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;

Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,

For breaking 4 Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.

The gawdy gossip, when she's set agog,

In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,

1 The god of smiths.

2 The ancients thought that with such sounds they could bring the moon out of her eclipse.

3 A woman who has learned logick.

4 A woman grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian's head.

Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justify'd.

When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duely, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in grease;
'Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses, and is stuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses milk;
And should she to the farthest North be sent,
A train ^s of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a fore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser, are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.

s A train of these. That is, of she-asses.

Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
 Sicilian ⁶ tyrants may renounce their name.
 For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
 Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of pray'r)
 She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
 Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
 Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
 Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred hair;
 If any straggler from his rank be found,
 A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
 Psecas is not in fault: but in the glass,
 The dame's offended at her own ill face.
 The maid is banish'd; and another girl
 More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;
 The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
 And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
 The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
 As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
 Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
 As if her life and honour lay at stake:
 With 7 curls on curls, they build her head before,
 And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
 A giantess she seems; but look behind,
 And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
 Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
 That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
 Mean while, her husband's whole estate is spent!
 He may go bare, while she receive his rent.
 She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
 But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
 Near him, in this alone, that she extends
 Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
 Bellona's priests, an eunuch at their head,
 About the streets a mad procession lead;

⁶ Sicilian tyrants, are grown to a proverb in Latin for their cruelty.

⁷ This dressing up the head so high, which we call a tow'r, was an ancient way amongst the Romans.

The 8 venerable guelding, large, and high,
 O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
 His aukward clergymen about him prance;
 And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance,
 Guiltless of testicles, they tear their throats,
 And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
 Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
 And dire presages of the year foretels.
 Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blait.
 And 9 add beside a murrey-coloured vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest:
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonisht matrons pay, before the rest;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into the stream,
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a dream.
 Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng. }
 Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
 A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand,
 Thro' deserts they would seek the secret spring;
 A holy water for lustration bring.
 How can they pay their priests too much respect,
 Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect!
 With him, domestic Gods discourse by night:
 By day, attended by his choir in white,
 The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they cheat
 The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,
 Who sins, thro' frailty, on forbidden nights;

8 *Bellona's* priests were a sort of fortune-tellers, and the high-priest an eunuch.

9 *And add beside, &c.* A garment was given to the priest, which he threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drowned with it.

And

And tempts her husband in the holy time,
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs atones the Deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewels whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophecies beneath a shady tree.

Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretels th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.

Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to ¹ Chaldeans giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.

Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to ² aspiring Otho sold;
And sure succession to the crown foretold.

¹ Chaldeans are thought to have been the first Astrologers.

² Otho succeeded Galba in the empire; which was foretold him by an astrologer.

For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
 No astrologic wizard honour gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
 He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife enquires the planets will,
 When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
 Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
 But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
 And, what's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
 If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
 She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
 If 3 Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
 Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
 Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who in these studies does herself delight,
 By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
 With often handling, like chaste amber worn:
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she
 Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
 She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
 If but a mile she travel out of town,
 The planetary hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
 Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
 No nourishment receives in her disease,
 But what the stars and 4 Ptolomy shall please.
 The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
 To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
 Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

3 Mars and Saturn are the two unfortunate planets; Jupiter and Venus, the two fortunate.

4 Ptolomy a famous astrologer, an Egyptian.

But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the 5 Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

The poorest of the sex, have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if she shall take
The trusty taylor, and the cook forsake.

Yet these, tho' poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have brought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-slaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayst be father to 6 an Æthiop's son.
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
His 7 omen would discolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.

5 The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.

6 His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father; and that bastard may by law inherit thy estate.

7 The Romans thought it ominous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
 And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy :
 Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
 And covers with her wings, from nightly cold :
 Gives him her blessing ; puts him in a way ;
 Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
 Him she promotes ; she favours him alone,
 And makes provision for him, as her own.

The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
 And philters for th' unable husband buys :
 The potion works not on the part design'd ;
 But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
 The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own bus'ness by another done :
 A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
 Constrains his head ; and yesterday is lost :
 Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
 Like that ⁸ Cæsonia to her Caius gave :
 Who, plucking from the forehead of the sole
 His mother's love infus'd it in the bowl :
 The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
 Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
 The ⁹ Thund'rer was not half so much on fire,
 When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
 What woman will not use the pois'ning trade,
 When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made ;
 Let ¹ Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
 Giv'n to a slay'ring, old, unuseful sot ;

⁸ *Cæsonia*, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant : it is said she gave him a love-potion, which flying up into his head, distracted him ; and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

⁹ The story is in Homer ; where Juno borrowed the girdle of Venus, called Cestus, to make Jupiter in love with her, while the Grecians and Trojans were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

¹ *Agrippina* was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former wife.

That

That only clos'd the driv'ling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword ;
Nor spares the common, when it strikes the lord.
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd ;
So much one single pois'ner cost mankind.

If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial trespass ; let them have their will :
But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware :
Beware the food she reaches with her hand ;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat ;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd ; the Satyr in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his bus'ness is to laugh and bite ;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read ;
But ² Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
What two ! Two sons, thou viper, in one day !
Yes, sev'n, she cries, if sev'n were in my way.
Medea's ³ legend is no more a lye ;
Our age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done : but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge, pursue.
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurry'd headlong into ill :

² Widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she might succeed to their estate : This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

³ Medea, out of revenge to Jason who had forsaken her, killed the children which she had by him.

262 The SIXTH SATIRE, &c.

And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas is born.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.

Where-e'er you walk, the 4 Belides you meet;
And 5 Clytemnestras grow in ev'ry street:
But here's the diff'rence; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

4 The Belides, were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-Germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermnestra, who saved her husband Linus.

5 Clytemnestra the wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægythus, was consenting to his murder.



T H E
T E N T H S A T I R E
O F
J U V E N A L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possess,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd ;
 Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
 In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The ¹ brawny fool, who did his vigour boast ;
 In that presuming confidence was lost ;
 But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
 And heaps of money crowded in the chest :
 Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
 Than files of marshall'd figures can account,
 To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
 Would look like little dolphins, when they fail
 In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
 When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
 A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
 The rich mens goods, and gut their palaces ;
 The mob, commission'd by the government,
 Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
 The fearful passenger, who travels late,
 Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
 Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush ;
 And sees a red-coat rise from every bush :
 The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
 Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
 Of each, is to be richer than the rest :
 And yet no doubts the poor man's draught controul,
 He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
 Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
 Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
 Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways ?
 One pity'd, one condemn'd the woful times :
 One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes :

¹ *Milo* of Crotona ; who for a tryal of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt : for his arms were caught in the trunk of it ; and he was devoured by wild beasts.

Laughter is easy ; but the wonder lies,
 What store of brine supply'd the weeper's eyes.
 Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
 His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake ;
 Tho' in his country-town no lictors were,
 Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear :
 Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
 Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow :

What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
 Our prætor seated, in mock majesty ;
 His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
 While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
 He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
 With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back :
 A sute of hangings had not more oppress'd
 His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest :
 A heavy gugaw, (call'd a crown,) that spread
 About his temples, drown'd his narrow head :
 And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
 But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight :
 A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
 To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
 Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
 With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
 Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
 A cavalcade of nobles, all in white :
 In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
 But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
 Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind :
 Learn from so great a wit ; a land of bogs
 With ditches fenc'd, a heav'n fat with fogs,
 May form a spirit fit to sway the state ;
 And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears ;
 At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears :

An

An equal temper in his mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or useles at the best.

Some ask for envy'd pow'r ; which public hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate :
 Down go the titles ; and the statue crown'd,
 Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
 The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel,
 The same effects of vulgar fury feel :
 The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
 While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke ;
 Sejanus ², almost first of Roman names,
 The great Sejanus crackles in the flames :
 Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
 On anvils ; and of head and limbs are made,
 Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen-trade. }

Adorn your doors with laurels ; and a bull,
 Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol ;
 Sejanus with a rope, is dragg'd along ;
 The sport and laughter of the giddy throng !
 Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
 How foul a snout, and what a hanging face ?
 By heav'n, I never could endure his sight ;
 But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light ?
 What is the charge, and who the evidence,
 (The saviour of the nation and the prince ?)
 Nothing of this ; but our old Cæsar sent
 A noisy letter to his parliament :
 Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
 He's guilty ; and the question's out of door.

² *Sejanus* was Tiberius's first favourite ; and while he continued so, had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him ; statues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him : But as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted ; and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly, as they had fawned on him before.

How goes the mob ? (for that's a mighty thing,)
 When the king's trump, the mob are for the king :
 They follow fortune, and the common cry
 Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
 Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud ;
 Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
 Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
 But long, long since, the times have chang'd their face,
 The people grown degenerate and base :
 Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
 To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise fore-fathers, great by sea and land,
 Had once the pow'r and absolute command ;
 All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd ;
 Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
 But we who give our native rights away,
 And our enslav'd posterity betray,
 Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
 On holidays to see a puppet-show.

There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt ;
 For warrants are already issued out :
 I met Brutidius in a mortal fright ;
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight :
 I fear the rage of our offended prince,
 Who thinks the senate slack in his defence !
 Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
 And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe :
 But let our slaves be present there, lest they
 Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
 Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
 About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
 To be, like him, first minister of state ?
 To have thy levees crouded with resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, servile court :

Dispose

Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
 Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown :
 To hold thy prince in pupil age, and sway
 That monarch, whom the master'd world obey ?
 While he intent on secret lust alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the throne ;
 Coop'd ³ in a narrow isle, observing dreams
 With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes !

I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he ;
 For ev'ry man's a fool to that degree ;
 All wish the dire prerogative to kill ;
 Ev'n they would have the pow'r, who want the will ;
 But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
 To take the bad together with the good,
 Wouldst thou not rather chuse a small renown,
 To be the may'r of some poor paltry town,
 Bigly to look, and barb'rously to speak ;
 To pound false weights, and scanty measures break ?
 Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
 In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray :
 For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
 Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous height,
 Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight,

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget ?
 It ruin'd ⁴ him, who, greater than the Great,
 The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke ;
 And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke :
 What else but his immoderate lust of pow'r,
 Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless hour ?

³ The island of Caprea, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company — And from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, who got the better of Pompey that was stiled The Great.

For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To 5 prove a Tully, or Demosthenes :
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd :
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in dogrel, or who punn'd in prose.

" Fortune 6 foretun'd the dying notes of Rome :
" Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.

I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhimes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than 7 that Philipique fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His fire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,

5 *Demosthenes* and Tully, both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison, to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by M. Anthony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

6 The Latin of this couplet is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship ; famous for the vanity, and the ill poetry of it. For Tully, as he had a great deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

7 The orations of Tully, against M. Antony, were filed by him Philippics, in imitation of Demosthenes, who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

From

From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The ⁸ spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-faln beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex fits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of ev'ry nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,

⁸ This is a mock-account of a Roman triumph.

And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
 His sun-beat waters by so long a way ;
 Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
 And elephants in other mountains hides.
 Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
 And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast :
 And with corroding juices, as he went,
 A passage through the living rocks he rent.
 Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
 He pours his head-long rage on Italy ;
 In three victorious battles over-run ;
 Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
 Till level with the ground their gates are laid ;
 And Punic flags on Roman tow'rs display'd.
 Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame :
 His picture scarcely would deserve a frame :
 A sign-post dawber would disdain to paint
 The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
 Now what's his end, O charming Glory ! say
 What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play ?
 In one deciding battle overcome,
 He flies, is banish'd from his native home :
 Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
 Attends, his mean petition to prefer ;
 Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wond'rous sort of death has heav'n design'd,
 Distinguish'd from the heard of human kind,
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind !
 Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
 Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war ;
 But poison, drawn thro' a ring's hollow plate,
 Must finish him ; a sucking infant's fate.
 Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
 To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
 One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind ;
 Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd :

And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.

Yet ⁹ enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:

"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,

"The mighty soul, how small a body holds."

Old ¹ Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;

Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er

The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:

Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,

Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;

With a long legend of romantic things,

Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.

But how did he return, this haughty brave,

Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?

(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;

And Eurys never such hard usage found

In his Æolian prison under ground;

What God ² so mean, ev'n ² he who points the way,

So merciless a tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he, let us ask again?

In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,

Choak'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.

⁹ *Babylon*, where Alexander died.

¹ *Xerxes* is represented in history, after a very romantick manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægean sea: He is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad: And ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But, after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis; and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

² *Mercury*, who was a God of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell, and mortals used him accordingly: For his statues were anciently placed, where roads met; with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

For

For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.

Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one filly mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,

'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.

A fitch-faln cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;

The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;

But the same foulness does to age belong,

The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.

The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;

And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.

Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies

The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth and eyes.

His wife and children loath him, and, what's worse,

Himself does his offensive carrion curse!

Flatt'ers forsake him too; for who would kill

Himself, to be remember'd in a will?

His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,

But to the relish of a nobler treat.

The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,

Inglorious from the field of battle flies:

Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance.

With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect,

A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

VOL. IV.

T

Those

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
 The soul dislodging from another seat.
 What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
 A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
 No matter in what place, or what degree
 Of the full theatre he sits to see:
 Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
 Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
 The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
 The little blood that creeps within his veins,
 Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
 In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
 With sores and sicknesses beleagu'ed round:
 Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
 How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
 What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills,
 Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
 What provinces by Basilius were spoil'd,
 What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
 How many bouts a-day that bitch has try'd;
 How many boys that pedagogue can ride!
 What lands and lordships for their owner know
 My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
 One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains:
 Another is of both his eyes bereft;
 And envies who has one for aiming left.
 A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
 As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
 One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
 His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd;
 Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
 Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
 Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
 But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!

His servants names he has forgotten quite ;
 Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
 Not ev'n the children he begot and bred ;
 Or his will knows 'em not : for, in their stead,
 In form of law, a common hackney jade,
 Sole heir, for secret services, is made :
 So lewd and such a batter'd brothel whore,
 That she defies all comers, at her door.
 Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
 He lives to be chief mourner for his son ;
 Before his face his wife and brother burns ;
 He numbers all his kindred in their urns,
 These are the fines he pays for living long ;
 And dragging tedious age in his own wrong :
 Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
 Sad pomps : a threshold throng'd with daily biërs ;
 And liveries of black for length of years. }

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian ³ king
 Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd-thing ;
 Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
 His ⁴ number'd years, and on his right-hand count ;
 Three hundred seasons, guzzling Must of wine :
 But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At fate's unequal laws ; and at the clue
 Which, ⁵ merciless in length, the midmost sister drew.
 When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
 He saw extended, and his beard on fire ;
 He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
 Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time ?

³ Nestor king of Pylus ; who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account, at least as he is understood by his expositors.

⁴ The ancients counted by their fingers. Their Left hand served them until they came up to an hundred. After that they used the Right, to express all greater numbers.

⁵ The Fates were three sisters, who had all some peculiar business assigned them by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The first held the distaff ; the second spun the thread ; and the third cut it.

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
 And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
 How fortunate an end had Priam made,
 Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
 While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the race
 Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace:
 Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
 And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
 Had Heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
 The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
 But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
 His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
 In fine, the feeble fire, reduced by fate,
 To change his scepter for a sword, too late,
 His 6 last effort before Jove's altar tries:
 A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
 Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
 Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At 7 least, he dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd,
 To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
 Great 8 Mithridates, and rich 9 Cræsus' fate;

6 Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old king Priam is said to have buckled on his armour, to oppose them. Which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the temple of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second *Æneid*.

7 *Hecuba*, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems, she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a Bitch, when she died.

8 *Mithridates*, after he had disputed the empire of the world for 40 years together with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the great.

9 *Cræsus*, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon, how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man, That no one could pronounce himself happy, until he saw what his end should be. The truth of this Cræsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, ¹ fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent;
But public pray'rs impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, ² tho' a traytor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, ³ who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a pray'r,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud;

¹ Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness, at Naples. A great many cities then made public supplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolomy king of Ægypt; and instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

² Cethegus was one that conspired with Cataline, and was put to death by the senate.

³ Cataline died fighting.

And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
To the new-rising sifter of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow :
And fair ⁴ Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila ; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights !
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare :
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair,
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners, in the house remain ;
Inveterate truth an old plain Sabine's heart ;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part ;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blusht a modest blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are :)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man ;
(So much almighty bribes, and presents, can ;)
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page :
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd : but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
To ills ; nor think I have declar'd the worst ;
His form procures him journey-work ; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife :

⁴ *Virginia* was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book ; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri ; of whom Appius was one.

Guests, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adult'ers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

He may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:

Did it not cost the 5 modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?

And was not t' other 6 stripping forced to fly,

Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;

And pleaded laws of hospitality?

The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;

With shame they redden'd, and with spight grew pale.

'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame;

She loses pity, who has lost her shame.

5 *Hippolitus*, the son of *Theseus*, was loved by his mother-in-law *Phædra*. But he not complying with her, she procured his death.

6 *Bellerophon*, the son of king *Glaucus*, residing some time at the court of *Pæus* king of the *Argives*, the queen, *Sthenobæa*, fell in love with him. But he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him; and he narrowly escaped *Pæus's* vengeance.

Now 7 Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
 Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
 Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
 And takes a fatal liking to his face.
 Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
 The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
 The genial bed is in the garden drest:
 The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd,
 Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.
 'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
 She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
 In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse
 Is present death, besides the night you lose:
 If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
 A day or two of anxious life you gain:
 Till loud reports thro' all the town have past,
 And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
 Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
 For not to take is but the self-same thing:
 Inevitable death before thee lies;
 But looks more kindly thro' a lady's eyes.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
 Receive my counsel, and securely move;
 Intrust thy fortune to the Pow'rs above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 In goodness as in greatness they excel;
 Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed;

7 *Messalina*, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth; forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death,

Then

Then wish for heirs : but to the Gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known ;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

}

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain ;
Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind :
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die ;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain :
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire :
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue : what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise ;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.



THE
SIXTEENTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
 Accruing to the mighty man of war!
 For, if into a lucky camp I light,
 Tho' raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
 Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
 One happy hour is to a soldier better,
 Than mother ¹ Juno's recommending letter,
 Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
 My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

¹ *Juno* was mother to Mars the god of war: *Venus* was his mistress.

See

The SIXTEENTH SATIRE, &c. 283

See what our common privileges are :

As, first,* no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment :
Not tho' his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws ;
Which old ² Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line :
A wise provision ; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear :
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well : but with a gen'ral cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace ;
The remedy is worse than the disease :
This cause is worthy ³ him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl :
But would'st thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
(Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy own)
Wouldst thou to run the gantlet these expose
To a whole company of 4 hob-nail'd shoes ?

² *Camillus* (who being first banished, by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls,) made a law which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be on duty.

³ *This cause is worthy him, &c.* The poet names a Modenese lawyer whom he calls *Vagellius* : who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

⁴ *Hob-nail'd shoes.* The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails ; as countrymen do now.

Sure

284 The SIXTEENTH SATIRE

Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.

Besides whom canst thou think so much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy business to defend?

Dry up thy tears and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse :
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.

Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave ;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.

Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lye,
Than, tho' his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
Those bounds, which with possession and with pray'r,
And 5 offer'd cakes, have been my annual care :
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay ;
I must with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay :

5 Land-marks were used by the Romans almost in the same manner as now: And as we go once a year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone, or land-mark.

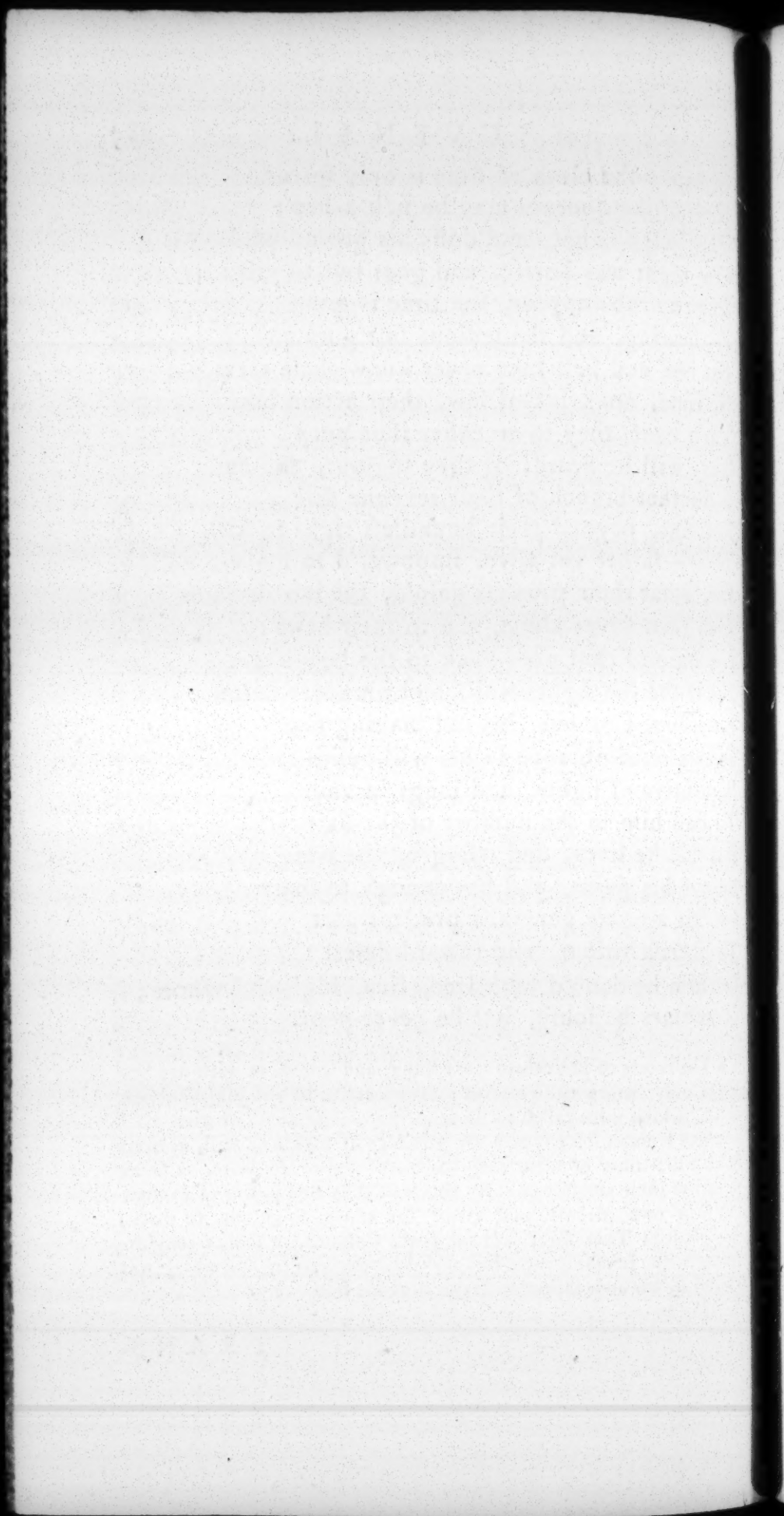
Perhaps 6 the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowfy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their 7 father yet alive, impower'd to make a will. }
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live, high and whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

6 The courts of judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge publick causes, which were called by Lot.

7 The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony: By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate, so gotten, to whom they pleased: Therefore, says the poet, Coranus, (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father to make him his heir.

T R A N S-





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

P E R S I U S.



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THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

F I R S T S A T I R E.

I Never did on cleft ¹ Parnassus dream,
 Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
 Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
 Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
 My share in pale ² Pyrene I resign;
 And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
 Statues ³, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
 To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
 Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
 Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
 Before the ⁴ shrine I lay my rugged numbers down. }
 Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
 'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
 Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
 Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
 Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
 You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

¹ *Parnassus* and Helicon were hills consecrated to the muses; and the supposed place of their abode. Parnassus was forked on the top, and from Helicon ran a stream, the spring of which was called the muses well.

² *Pyrene*, a fountain in Corinth; consecrated also to the muses.

³ The statues of the poets were crowned with ivy about their brows.

⁴ *Before the shrine*; that is before the shrine of Apollo, in his temple at Rome, called the Palatine.

Argument of the First Satire.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

THE
FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his
FRIEND or MONITOR.

P E R S I U S.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires !

Friend. Thy spleen contain :
For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me ?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scriblers have the public ear :
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up ¹ Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend :
Their smiles and censures are to me the same :
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail :
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind ;
" Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."

¹ Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labeo, (so he is called by the learned Casaubon.) Nor is he mentioned by any other poet besides Persius : Casaubon, from an old commentator on Persius, says, that he made a very foolish translation of Homer's Iliad.

But where's that Roman?---Somewhat I would say,
 But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
 Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
 On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
 From the first pastimes of our infant age,
 To elder cares, and man's severer page;
 When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
 We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
 Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
 But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.
Friend. Once more forbear.

Persus. I cannot rule my spleen;
 My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
 In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
 Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
 The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
 All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
 Lab'ring with sound, that little sense affords.
 They 2 comb, and then they order ev'ry hair:
 A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear: }
 A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
 Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
 They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
 From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
 And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
 The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
 With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
 And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
 The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
 At open fulsom bawdry they rejoice,
 And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.

2 He describes a poet preparing himself to rehearse his works in publick; which was commonly performed in August. A room was hired or lent by some friend; a scaffold was raised, and a pulpit placed for him, who was to hold forth; who borrowed a new gown, or scoured his old one; and adorned his ears with jewels, &c.

Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread ?
 Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed ?
 At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays :
 And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
 I choke the noble vigour of my mind ?
 Know, my wild ³ fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
 Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
 Fine fruits of learning ! old ambitious fool,
 Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school ;
 As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
 And " science is not science till reveal'd ?"
 Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
 The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he :
 That's he whose wond'rous poem is become
 A lecture for the noble youth of Rome !
 Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd ;
 And often quoted when the bowls go round.
 Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse ;
 And add to wine the luxury of verse.
 One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
 Eats and recites some lamentable rhyme :
 Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note.
 Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat :
 Then graciously the mellow audience nod :
 Is not th' immortal author made a God ?
 Are not his manes blest, such praise to have ?
 Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave ?
 And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
 Stand ready from his sepulcher to spring ?
 All these, you cry, but light objections are ;
 Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
 For does there breathe a man, who can reject
 A gen'ral fame, and his own lines neglect ?

³ Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy ; and make their way through rocks : Sometimes splitting the tomb-stones.

In 4 cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus, if I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spight.
Them and their woful works the Muse defies:
Products 5 of citron beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine desert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old fute impart.

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?

The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.

Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, 6 Janus like, a face behind,

To

4 The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood: ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

5 Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

6 Janus was the first king of Italy; who refused Saturn, when he was expelled by his son Jupiter from Crete; (or as we now call it Candia.)

To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
 To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
 Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
 When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch:
 But noble scriblers are with flatt'ry fed;
 For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
 To pass the poets of patrician blood,
 What is't the common reader takes for good?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit flow:
 So smooth and equal, that no fight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.
 Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all;
 His reader hopes no rise and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
 Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
 Who for false quantities was whipt at school
 But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,
 Whose trivial art was never try'd above
 The bare description of a native grove:
 Who knows not how to praise the country store,
 The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;
 Nor paint the flow'ry fields that paint themselves before.
 Where 7 Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
 Whose shining plough-share was in furrows worn,

Met

Candia.) From his name, the first month of the year is called January. He was pictured with two faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time past, and the future. Some of the mythologists think he was Noah, for the reason given above.

7 *Where Romulus, &c.* He speaks of the country in the foregoing verses; the praises of which, are the most easy theme for poets; but which a bad poet cannot naturally describe: Then he makes a digression to Romulus the first king of Rome, who had a rustical education;

Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome :
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow ;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw ;
The listors bore in state their lord's triumphant plough. }

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar ;
And some on antiquated authors pore :
Rummage for sense ; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd father's teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech ;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry ;
One would enquire from whence this motly stile
Did first our Roman purity defile :
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat ;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense :
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently !
Theft (says th' accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius : what does gentle Pedius say ?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With 8 periods, points, and tropes he flurs his crimes :
" He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor ;
" And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue ;
'Tis fine, say'st thou ; what, to be prais'd, and hang ?

cation ; and enlarges upon Quintius Cincinnatus, a Roman senator, who was called from the plough to be dictator of Rome.

8 *With periods, &c.* Persius here names antitheses, or seeming contradictions ; which in this place are meant for rhetorical flourishes, as I think, with Casaubon.

Efe-

Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
 To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
 Say, should a ship-wreck'd sailor sing his woe,
 Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
 An alms? What's more prepost'rous than to see
 A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

Perfius. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
 And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
 Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
 " 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like 9 Berecynthian Atys,
 " The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is,
 " The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
 " Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
 Appennine."

Perfius. All this is doggrel stuff.

Friend. What if I bring
 A nobler verse? " 1 Arms and the man I sing."

Perfius. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these?
 He's truly great, and must for ever please:
 Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you soft? and to be read
 With languishing regards, and bending head?

Perfius. " 2 Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
 " With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
 " The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
 " Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
 " And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
 " She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
 " Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's sound."

9 *Berecynthian Atys, or Attin, &c.* Foolish verses of Nero, which the poet repeats: and which cannot be translated properly into English.

1 *Arms and the man, &c.* The first line of Virgil's *Æneid*.

2 *Their crooked horns, &c.* Other verses of Nero, that were mere bombast. I only note, that the repetition of these and the former verses of Nero, might justly give the poet a caution to conceal his name.

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas 3 and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhimes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Persius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
Of common-snoars, and ev'ry pissing-place.
Two 4 painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little bawbles, when they play.

5 Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:

3 *Mænas and Atys*, Poems on the Mænades, who were priestesses of Bacchus; and of Atys, who made himself an eunuch to attend on the sacrifices of Cybele, called Berecynthia by the poets; she was mother of the gods.

4 *Two painted serpents*, &c. Two snakes twined with each other, were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to shew the place was holy.

5 *Yet old Lucilius*, &c. Lucilius wrote long before Horace; who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design.

And,

And, with a sly insinuating grace,
 Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
 Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
 And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
 With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
 But made the desperate passes when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse controll'd
 By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
 At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
 And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
 The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
 "King 6 Midas has a snout, and ass's ears."
 This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
 Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
 Nor will I change for all the flashy wit,
 That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.

7 Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
 Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
 He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
 Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
 And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
 Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
 On this my honest work, tho' writ in homely stile:
 And if two lines or three in all the vein
 Appear less droffy, read those lines again.

6 *King Midas, &c.* The story is vulgar, that Midas king of Phrygia was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the best musician: He gave the prize to Pan; and Apollo in revenge gave him ass's ears. He wore his hair long to hide them; but his barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whispered into it: The place was marshy; and when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the barber. By Midas the poet meant Nero.

7 *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, as also *Aristophanes* mentioned afterwards, were all Athenian poets; who wrote that sort of comedy, which was called the old comedy, where the people were named, who were satirized by those authors.

May they perform their author's just intent,
 Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 But from the reading of my book and me,
 Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty :
 Who 8 fortune's fault upon the poor can throw ;
 Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe :
 Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
 The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
 When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
 Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate ;
 Whose pow'r extends no farther than to speak
 Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
 Who thinks all science, as all virtue vain ;
 Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys ;
 And, 9 with his foot, the sacred dust destroys :
 Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
 A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
 Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run ;
 But when the bus'ness of the day is done,
 On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their after-
 noon.

8 *Who fortune's faults, &c.* The people of Rome in the time of Persius, were apt to scorn the Grecian philosophers, particularly the cynics and stoics, who were the poorest of them.

9 *And with his foot, &c.* Arithmetick and geometry were taught on floors, which were strewed with dust or sand ; in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again.

T H E
S E C O N D S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in shewing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

T H E

T H E
S E C O N D S A T I R E .

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS,
on his birth-day.

LET this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white ¹ stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thund'rer's son, great ² Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!

¹ *White stone.* The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily besel 'em, with a white stone which they had from the island Creta; and their unfortunate with a coal.

² *Hercules* was thought to have the key and power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

He's

He's so far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.

But my eternal wife!—Grant heav'n I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day!

Thus, that thou mayst the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:

In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash th' obscenities of 3 night away.

But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request)

With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possesst?

Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose

I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?

Which of the two would thy wise head declare

The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?

Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, streight,

What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:

He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;

Can'st thou indulge him in this villany!

And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience then

Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked men?

That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,

And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?

Because his thunder splits some burley tree,

And is not darted at thy house and thee?

Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,

Just at the perpetration of thy crime:

And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,

Fit for 4 Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice?

3 The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

4 When any one was thunderstruck; the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place, to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

What

What well-fed off'ring to appease the God,
 What pow'rful present to procure a nod,
 Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
 To pull him thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin :
 Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
 The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
 And first of spittle a 5 lustration makes :
 Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
 Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
 Pretending force of magick to prevent,
 By virtue of her nasty excrement.
 Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r
 That heav'n would make him some rich miser's heir,
 Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king ;
 Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
 But no fond nurse is fit to make a pray'r :
 And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear ;
 Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted hands :
 A body made of brass the crone demands
 For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
 Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire :
 Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
 We teach the Gods, in reason, to refuse.
 Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish :
 Yet the fat intrails in the spacious dish,
 Would stop the grant : the very over-care
 And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the pray'r.
 Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
 To compass wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
 To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase ;
 Fool ! to expect them from a bullock's grease :

5 The poet laughs at the superstitious ceremonies which the old women made use of in their lustration or purification days, when they named their children, which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

306 The SECOND SATIRE

And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
 Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy desire!
 Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
 The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
 And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
 Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
 Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present them with rare figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
 Thou measur'st by thyself the Pow'r's Divine;
 Thy Gods are burnish'd, gold and silver is their shrine.
 Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
 Whose humble statues are content with brass,
 Should some of these, ⁶ in visions purg'd from phlegm,
 Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
 Ev'n those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
 And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
 The priests in temples, now no longer care
 For ⁷ Saturn's brass, or ⁸ Numa's earthen ware;

⁶ *In visions purg'd from phlegm, &c.* It was the opinion, both of Grecians and Romans, that the Gods, in visions or dreams, often revealed to their favourites a cure for their diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dreamed of an herb which cured Ptolomy. These Gods were principally Apollo and Esculapius; but, in after-times, the same virtue and good-will was attributed to Isis and Osiris. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errors*; the sense whereof is, "That we are beholden, for many of our discoveries in physick, to the courteous revelation of spirits." By the expression of "visions purg'd from phlegm," our author means such dreams or visions, as proceed not from natural causes, or humours of the body; but such as are sent from heaven; and are, therefore, certain remedies.

⁷ *For Saturn's brass, &c.* Brazen vessels, in which the publick treasures of the Romans were kept: It may be the poet meant only old Vessels, which were called *Κρόνια* from the Greek name of Saturn.

⁸ *Numa's earthen ware.* Under Numa the second king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen

Or vestal urns, in each religious rite :
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground !
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the Gods.
Of oil and cassia one th'ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes :
Another finds the way to dye in grain ;
And makes 9 Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain ;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes ;
Then melts the mass : all these are vanities !
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise :
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold ?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more :
As 1 maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear :

earthen ware, according to the superstitious rites which were introduced by the same Numa : Though afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius had conquered Macedonia, luxury began amongst the Romans ; and then their utensils of devotion were of gold and silver, &c.

9 And makes Calabrian wool, &c. The wool of Calabria was of the finest sort in Italy, as Juvenal also tells us. The Tyrian Stain is the purple colour dyed at Tyrus ; and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that dye was nearest our crimson, and not scarlet, or that other colour more approaching to the blue. I have not room to justify my conjecture.

1 As maids to Venus, &c. Those Baby-Toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *pupæ* ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus ; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their *Bullæ*, or *bullæ*.

308 The SECOND SATIRE, &c.

A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine :
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
When with such off'rings to the Gods I come,
A ² cake, thus giv'n, is worth a hecatomb.

2 *A cake thus giv'n, &c.* A cake of barley, or coarse wheat-meal, with the bran in it : The meaning is, that God is pleased with the pure and spotless heart of the offerer; and not with the riches of the offering. Laberius in the fragments of his *Mimes*, has a verse like this : *Puras, Deus, non plenas aspicit manus.*—What I had forgotten before in its due place, I must here tell the reader, That the first half of this satire was translated by one of my sons, now in Italy; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any alteration.



T H E
T H I R D S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the stoick philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire. Where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was "The Reproach of Idleness;" though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, "Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the reverend doctor Busby.]

IS this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at ev'ry chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My cloaths make haste: why when! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And ¹ parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?

¹ *Parchment*, &c. The students used to write their notes on parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this custom, and advises rather table-books, lined with wax, and a style, like that we use in our vellum table-books, as more easy.

Go back to what thy infancy began,
 Thou who wert never meant to be a man :
 Eat pap and spoon-meat ; for thy gugaws cry :
 Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
 No more accuse thy pen ; but charge the crime
 On native sloth, and negligence of time.
 Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat ?
 Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
 Beware the public laughter of the town ;
 Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
 A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found ;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command ;
 Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand :
 Now take the mold ; now bend thy mind to feel
 The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land ; a country-feat, secure
 By a just title ; costly furniture ;
 A ² fuming-pan thy Lares to appease :
 What need of learning when a man's at ease ?
 If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
 Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
 Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
 Drawn ³ from the root of some old Tuscan tree ;
 And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
 Who, clad in ⁴ purple, can'st thy censor greet ;
 And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.

Such

² *A fuming-pan, &c.* Before eating, it was customary to cut off some part of the meat ; which was first put into a pan, or little dish ; then into the fire, as an offering to the household-gods : This they called a Libation.

³ *Drawn from the root, &c.* The Tuscans were accounted of most ancient nobility. Horace observes this, in most of his compliments to Mecenas, who was derived from the old kings of Tuscany, now the dominion of the great duke.

⁴ *Who clad in purple, &c.* The Roman knights, attired in the robe called *Trabea*, were summoned by the censor to appear before him ;

Such pageantry be to the people shown :
 There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own :
 I know thee to thy bottom ; from within
 Thy shallow center, to the utmost skin :
 Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
 So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest ?

But 'tis in vain : the wretch is drench'd too deep ;
 His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep ;
 Fatten'd in vice ; so callous, and so gross,
 He sins, and sees not ; senseless of his loss.
 Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
 Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times ;
 Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
 The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage ;
 Thus punish him : set virtue in his sight,
 With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright :
 But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity !

Sicilian ; tortures and the brazen bull,
 Are emblems, rather than express the full
 Of what he feels : yet what he fears is more :
 The ⁶ wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
 Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword

Hang

him ; and to salute him in passing by, as their names were called over. They led their horses in their hand. See more of this in Pompey's life, written by Plutarch.

5 *Sicilian tortures, &c.* Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known story of Phalaris one of those tyrants ; who when Perillus, a famous artist, had presented him with a bull of that metal hollowed within, which when the condemned person was inclosed in it, would render the sound of a bull's roaring, caused the workman to make the first experiment. *Docuitque suum mugire Juvenum.*

6 *The wretch who sitting, &c.* He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius,

to

Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Tho' much, my master, that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou 7 in the stoick-porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by 8 Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.

to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his head by a silken twine; which when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.

7 *Thou in the stoick porch, &c.* The stoicks taught their philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their scholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that sect.

8 *Polygnotus*, a famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Persians, conquered by Miltiades, Themistocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the *Portico*, in their natural habits.

Where

Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
 Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
 Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
 From pamp'ring riot the young stomach weans:
 And 9 where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
 To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun,
 And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,
 Sour with debauch: and sleep'st the sleep of death:
 Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
 Thy body is dissolv'd as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
 To which thy life, thy ev'ry act may tend?
 Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
 Or like a boy pursu'st the carrion crow
 With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
 A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore*?
 Watch the disease in time: for, when within
 The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
 In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
 And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
 Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
 Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
 Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
 Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
 And the great moral end of human kind. }
 Study thyself: what rank or what degree
 The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
 And all the offices of that estate
 Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
 Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require.

9 *And where the Samian Y, &c.* Pythagoras of Samos, made the allusion of the Y, or Greek upsilon, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy: The other side represents virtue, to which the passage is straight and difficult: and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the evangelist, "The way to heaven, &c."

Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend :
Learn this ; and after, envy not the store
Of the greaz'd advocate, that grinds the poor :
Fat ¹ fees from the defended Umbrian draws ;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
To whom the ² Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
That ere the first is out, the second stinks :
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit ;
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
Solon's the very'st fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballasted within the crown !)
Mutt'ring betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams : for what the schools have
taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing ; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to
nought.
Is it for this they study ? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal ?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen ?

¹ *Fat fees*, &c. Casaubon here notes, that among all the Romans, who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

² The Marsians or Umbrians, were the most plentiful of all the provinces of Italy.

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
Besides a filthy furr upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, says the fool: but says the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not see your dropsy belly swell?
Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.
I've done, says the physician; take your course.
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing thro' his jaws a belching steam:

Amidst

Amidst his cups with fainting shiv'ring seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl :

And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll :
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul :
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his fun'ral due.

Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His 3 heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate :
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole ;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.

But what's thy fulsom parable to me ?

My body is from all diseases free :

My temp'rate pulse does regularly beat ;

Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet :

These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,

And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true : but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul ; 'tis there thou art not sound.

Say, when thou see'st a heap of tempting gold,

Or a more tempting harlot dost behold ;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,

Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold fallad is before thee set ;

Bread with the bran perhaps, and broken meat ;

Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.

These art not dishes for thy dainty tooth :

What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth ?

Why stand'st thou picking ? Is thy pallas fore ?

That bete and radishes will make thee roar ?

Such is the unequal temper of thy mind ;

Thy passions, in extreams, and unconfin'd :

3 *His heels stretch'd out, &c.* The Romans were buried without the city ; for which reason the poet says, that the dead man's heels were stretched out towards the gate.

318 The THIRD SATIRE, &c.

Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
 As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
 And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
 The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
 When fed with fuel and with flames below.
 With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
 Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise:
 That mad ⁴ Orestes, if he saw the show,
 Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

⁴ *That mad Orestes.* Orestes was son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was slain by Ægythus, the adulterer of Clytemnestra. Orestes to revenge his father's death, slew both Ægythus and his mother: For which he was punished with madness, by the Eumenides, or furies, who continually haunted him.



T H E
F O U R T H S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his *Pharsalia*; for his very compliment looked askint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Patibick, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From

320 The FOURTH SATIRE, &c.

the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHoe'er thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state-affairs to guide the government;
Hear, first, what ¹ Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.

Tell me, thou pupil to great ² Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young,
Know when to speak and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate:
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.

¹ Socrates, whom the oracle of Delphos praised as the wisest man of his age, lived in the time of the Peloponnesian war. He finding the uncertainty of natural philosophy, applied himself wholly to the moral. He was master to Xenophon and Plato; and to many of the Athenian young noblemen; among the rest, to Alcibiades, the most lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whose life is written by Plutarch.

² Pericles was tutor, or rather overseer of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles lived, who was a wise man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

Then

Then to bespeak 'em thus : Athenians, know
 Against right reason all your counsels go ;
 This is not fair ; nor profitable that ;
 Nor t'other question proper for debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
 And give each argument its proper weight :
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale :
 Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
 And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
 And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
 Can'st 3 punish crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, e'er the time, to please :
 Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares,
 Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
 Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain ;
 Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain :
 Drink 4 hellebore, my boy, drink deep and purge thy
 brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
 In what thy utmost good ? Delicious fare ;
 And, then, to sun thyself in open air.

Hold, hold ; are all thy empty wishes such ?
 A good old woman would have said as much.
 But thou art nobly born, 'tis true ; go boast
 Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most :
 Besides thou art a beau : what's that, my child ?
 A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild :

3 *Canst punish crimes, &c.* That is, by death. When the judge would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn, as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ, they signified the sentence of death to the offender: as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

4 *Drink Hellebore, &c.* The poet would say, that such an ignorant young man, as he here describes, is fitter to be governed himself, than to govern others : He therefore advises him to drink Hellebore, which purges the brain.

322 The F O U R T H S A T I R E

She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But ev'ry one is eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know 5 Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'er fly 'em in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the sheering-day
When he should 6 thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the wimple, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.

5 *Say, dost thou know Vectidius, &c.* The name of Vectidius here used appellatively to signify any rich covetous man; though perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely; and leave it for thee to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

6 *When he shou'd thanks, &c.* Pan the god of shepherds, and Pales the goddess presiding over rural affairs, whom Virgil invocates in the beginning of his second Georgick. I give the epithet Better to Ceres, because she first taught the use of corn for bread, the poets tell us. Men, in the first rude ages, feeding only on acorns or mast, instead of bread.

To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place :
Then, bids fall on ; himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.

Thus fares the drudge : but thou, whose life's a dream
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extream.

'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun ;

To bask thy naked body in the sun ;

Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil :

Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,

To suck the moisture up, and soak it in :

And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.

But, know, thou art observ'd : and there are those

Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.

The 7 depilation of thy modest part :

Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,

His engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder art.

When prone to bear, and patient to receive,

Thou tak'st the pleasure, which thou can'st not give.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek ;

And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek :

Of these thy barbers take a costly care,

While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,

Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

Not 8 five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,

From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds :

Tho'

7 *The depilation of thy modest part, &c.* Our author here tasks Nero, covertly, with that effeminate custom now used in Italy, and especially by Harlots, of smoothing their bellies, and taking off the hairs which grow about their secrets. In Nero's time they were pulled off with pincers ; but now they use a paste, which applied to those parts, when it is removed, carries away with it those excrescencies.

8 *Not five the strongest, &c.* The learned Holiday, (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the rest of these satires, with his excellent illustrations,) here tells us, from good authority, that the number five does not allude to the Five Fingers of one man, who

Tho' suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us ; and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes ;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise :
Thou hast an ulcer which no leach can heal,
Tho' thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee fullen, impotent, and proud :
Nor can'st thou cheat thy 9 nerve, who cheat'st the croud.

But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood.
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuse their incense ? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give ?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold ;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold ;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou with a consenting glance, reply ;
If thou, thy own solicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum :

used them all, in taking off the hairs before mentioned ; but to
" Five strong Men," such as were skilful in the five robust exercises,
then in practice at Rome, and were performed in the Circus, or public
place, ordained for them. These five he reckons up in this man-
ner: 1 The *Cæstus*, or whirlbats, described by Virgil, in his fifth
Æneid ; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The se-
cond was the Foot-race. The third the *Discus*, like the throwing a
weighty ball ; a sport now used in Cornwall, and other parts of Eng-
land ; we may see it daily practised in Red-lion Fields. The fourth
was the *Saltus*, or leaping : And the fifth *Wrestling* naked, and be-
smeared with oil. They who were practised in these five manly ex-
ercises, were called *Πένταθλοι*.

9 *Thy nerve*, &c. That is, canst not deceive thy obscene part,
which is weak, or impotent, though thou makest ostentation of thy
performances with women.

If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy 1 guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flatt'ring crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times:
Give thy base poets back thy cobbled rhimes:
Survey 1 thy soul, not what thou do'st appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

1 *If with thy guards, &c.* Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak: I mean of Nero's walking in the streets by night, in disguise, and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

2 *Survey thy soul, &c.* That is, look into thyself, and examine thy own conscience; there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appearest to the world, yet thou art but a beggar; because thou art destitute of all virtues, which are the riches of the soul. This also was a paradox of the stoick school.



THE
FIFTH SATIRE
OF
PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his poem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to which I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms that the wise or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE

T H E
F I F T H S A T I R E.

Inscribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers P E R S I U S and C O R N U T U S.

P E R S I U S.

OF ancient use to poets it belongs,
 To wish themselves an hundred mouths and tongues:
 Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
 They recommend the labours of the stage,
 Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
 Wrenching the Roman jav'lin from his thighs.

C O R N U T U S.

And why wouldst thou these mighty morsels chuse,
 Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the muse?
 Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
 And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
 When ¹ Progne or ² Thyestes' feast they write;
 And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite,
 Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
 As if thou wert to blow the burning mass

¹ *Progne* was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: In revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus; and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

² *Thyestes* and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.

Of melting ore ; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
 Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
 Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
 And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
 Soft elocution does thy stile renown,
 And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown :
 Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
 To laugh at follies or to lash at vice.
 Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
 Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
 Ragousts for Tereus or Thyestes drest ;
 'Tis talk enough for thee t' expose a Roman feast.

P E R S I U S .

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
 In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
 With wind and noise ; but freely to impart,
 As to a friend, the secrets of my heart ;
 And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind ;
 And, thro' the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind. }

For this a hundred voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire ;
 Yet never could be worthily express'd,
 How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
 When first my 3 childish robe resign'd the charge,
 And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large ;
 When now my golden bulla (hung on high
 To household Gods) declar'd me past a boy ;
 And my 4 white shield proclaim'd my liberty : }

3 By the childish robe, is meant the Prætexta, or first gowns which the Roman children of quality wore : these were welted with purple ; and on those welts were fastened the Bullæ, or little bells ; which when they came to the age of Puberty, were hung up and consecrated to the Lares, or household gods.

4 The first shields which the Roman youths wore, were white, and without any impress, or device on them, to shew they had yet achieved nothing in the wars.

When with my wild companions, I could rowl
From street to street, and sin without controul;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wife bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better ⁵ Socrates was bred.
Then thy streight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose.
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our ⁶ souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the ⁷ mounting twins did heav'n adorn,
Or, with the rising ⁸ balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have ⁹ Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has giv'n thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

C O R N U T U S.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;

⁵ *Socrates*, by the oracle, was declared to be the wisest of mankind:
He instructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality,
and amongst the rest *Alcibiades*.

⁶ Astrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the
number of the twelve signs of the zodiack: The sign or constellation
which rises in the east, at the birth of any man, is called the ascen-
dant: *Persius* therefore judges, that *Cornutus* and he had the same,
or a like nativity.

⁷ The sign of *Gemini*.

⁸ The sign of *Libra*.

⁹ Astrologers have an axiom, that whatsoever *Saturn* ties, is loosed
by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a planet of a malevolent na-
ture, and *Jupiter* of a propitious influence.

From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
 Bart'ring for spices their Italian ware ;
 The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
 Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep :
 One bribes for high preferments in the state ;
 A second shakes the box, and sits up late :
 Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found ;
 Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground ;
 Then his lewd follies he would late repent ;
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

P E R S I U S.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
 To make the ¹ stoick institutes thy own :
 Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
 And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome truth.
 From thee both old and young, with profit learn
 The bounds of good and evil to discern.

C O R N U T U S.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
 And to to-morrow would the search delay :
 His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

P E R S I U S.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow ?

C O R N U T U S.

Yes, sure : for yesterday was once to-morrow.
 That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd :
 And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd ;
 For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
 And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
 Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
 Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

¹ *Zeno* was the great master of the stoick philosophy ; and *Cleanthes* was second to him in reputation : *Cornutus*, who was master or tutor to *Persius*, was of the same school.

O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The ² privilege of doles: not yet t' inscribe
Their names in ³ this or t' other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are ⁴ made citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now ⁵ Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good Gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He said it, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if ⁶ Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is ⁷ true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live?
Not more to ⁸ noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoick, your assumption's wrong:

² When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born; which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

³ The Roman people was distributed into several tribes: He who was made free was inrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

⁴ The master, who intended to infranchise a slave, carried him before the city prætor, and turned him round, using these words; "I will that this man be free."

⁵ Slaves had only one name before their freedom: After it, they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christian names: So Dama, is now called Marcus Dama.

⁶ At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

⁷ Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them in sign of their liberty.

⁸ Brutus freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and changed the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

I grant true freedom you have well defin'd :
 But, living as you list, and to your mind,
 And loofely tack'd, all must be left behind,
 What since the prætor did my fetters loose,
 And left me freely at my own dispose,
 May I not live without controul and awe,
 Excepting still the 9 letter of the law ?

Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
 From those fond notions of false liberty :
 'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow
 True freedom ; nor to teach mankind to know
 What to ourselves, or to our friends we owe.
 He cou'd not set thee free from cares and strife,
 Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life :
 As well he for an ass a harp might string,
 Which is against the reason of the thing ;
 For reason still is whisp'ring in your ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
 No need of public sanctions this to bind,
 Which nature has implanted in the mind :
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
 To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
 The rules of physic wou'd against thee cry.
 The high-shoo'd ploughman, shou'd he quit the land,
 To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
 Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
 The Gods wou'd leave him to the waves and wind,
 And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
 So nicely to distinguish good from ill ?
 Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
 What piece is tinkers metal, what will pass ?

9 The text of the Roman laws, was written in red letters, which was called the rubrick ; translated here, in more general words, " The letter of the law."

And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undefiring eyes?
When thou can'st truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a faint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou can'st not wag thy finger, or begin
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
"Virtue and ¹ vice are never in one soul:
"A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

P E R S I U S.

In spight of this, my freedom still remains.

C O R N U T U S.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
Canst thou no other master understand
Than ² him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,

¹ The stoicks held this paradox, That any one vice, or notorious folly, which they called madness, hindered a man from being virtuous; That a man was of a piece, without a mixture; either wholly vicious, or good; one virtue or vice, according to them, including all the rest.

² The prætor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head, when he declared him free.

To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more ;
 The gallows and the whip are out of door.
 But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
 Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress'd ?
 Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap ;
 Up, up, says Avarice ; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain ;
 The tyrant Lucre no denial takes ;
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes :
 What must I do ? he cries : What ? says his lord :
 Why rise, make ready, and go streight aboard :
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight ;
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back :
 And with post-haste thy running markets make. }
 Be sure to turn the penny ; lye and swear ;
 'Tis wholesome sin : but Jove, thou say'st, will hear :
 Swear, fool, or starve ; for the dilemma's even :
 A tradesman thou ! and hope to go to heav'n ?
 Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back :
 Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
 Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness :
 And he may ask this civil question : Friend,
 What dost thou make a shipboard ? to what end ?
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free ?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea ?
 Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,
 On a brown george, with lowsy swobbers fed,
 Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup ?
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
 From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more ?
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give ;
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live ;

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak? wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says 3 Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I'll put an end:

Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,

And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?

Shall I the neighbours nightly rest invade.

At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?

Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,

Go, thank the Gods, and offer sacrifice.

Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,

Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?

Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!

She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,

Can draw you to her, with a single hair.

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues!

Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?

Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:

Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain,

Ay; there's the man, who loos'd from lust and self,
Lest to the prætor owes, than to himself.

3 This alludes to the play of Terence, called the Eunuch; which was excellently imitated of late in English, by Sir Charles Sidley: In the first scene of that comedy, Phædra was introduced with his man Pamphilus, discoursing whether he should leave his mistress Thais, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
 With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
 That early & suppliant who salutes the tribes,
 And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
 That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
 On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
 In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share:
 When flow'rs are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
 And windows with illuminations grac'd,
 On 5 Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
 And tunny's tails in favoury sauce are drown'd,
 Thou mutter'st pray'rs obscene; nor dost refuse
 The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews:
 Then a crack'd 6 egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
 Besides the childish fear of walking sprights.
 Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;
 The timbrel, and the squintifego maid

4 He who sued for any office amongst the Romans, was called a candidate, because he wore a white gown; and sometimes chalked it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the Levees of those who headed the people: saluted also the tribes severally, when they were gathered together, to chuse their magistrates; and distributed a largess amongst them, to engage them for their voices: much resembling our elections of Parliament-men.

5 The commentators are divided, what Herod this was whom our author mentions; whether Herod the Great, whose birth-day might be celebrated, after his death, by the Herodians, a sect among the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or Herod Agrippa, living in the author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

6 The ancients had a superstition, contrary to ours, concerning egg-shells: They thought that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery: We as vainly break the bottom of an egg-shell, and cross it, when we have eaten the egg, lest some hag should make use of it, in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the priests of Isis, and her one-eyed, or squinting priestesses, is more largely treated in the sixth satire of Juvenal, where the superstitions of women are related.

Of

Of Ifis, awe thee : lest the Gods for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin :
Unless three garlick heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow :
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note ;
And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much
As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.



T H E
S I X T H S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worst extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shews the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consists in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

T H E

T H E

S I X T H S A T I R E.

To CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
 And seek in ¹ Sabine air a warm retreat ?
 Say, do'st thou yet the Roman harp command ?
 Do the strings answer to thy noble hand ?
 Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
 The beauties of the first created spring ;
 The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
 Now ² sporting on the lyre the loves of youth.
 Now virtuous age, and venerable truth ;
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
 Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
 For me, my warmer constitution wants
 More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants ;
 And therefore to my native shoars retir'd,
 I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd ;

¹ *And seek, in Sabine air, &c.* All the studious, and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work: refraining from writing, during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sat up the greatest part of it: For which reason the product of their studies, was called Elucubrations, or nightly labours. They who had country-seats, retired to them while they studied: As Persius did to his, which was near the port of the moon in Etruria; and Bassus to his which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

² *Now sporting on thy lyre, &c.* This proves Cæsius Bassus to have been a lyric poet: It is said of him, that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his writings.

Where cliffs on either sides their points display ;
 And, after, opening in an ampler way,
 Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.

'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
 The port of Luna says our learned bard ;
 Who in ³ a drunken dream beheld his soul
 The fifth within the transmigrating roll ;
 Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
 Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras ;
 And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state ;
 And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
 Here I enjoy my private thoughts ; nor care
 What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare :
 Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
 When I behold a larger crop than mine :
 To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
 Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow ;
 Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
 My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
 Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
 Of cask ; nor in a nasty flaggon drink ;
 Let others stuff their guts with homely fare ;
 For men of diff'rent inclinations are ;
 Tho' born perhaps beneath one common star.

³ *Who in a drunken dream, &c.* I call it a drunken dream of Ennius ; not that my author in this place gives me any encouragement for the epithet ; but because Horace, and all who mention Ennius, say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision, call you it which you please, he thought it was revealed to him, that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him : As Pythagoras, before him believed, that himself had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy, commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature, that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species ; and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man. And Persius favours me, by saying, that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree :
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.

His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and lavish of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.

Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.

Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness hold my hand:
My 4 friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,

4 *My friend is shipwreck'd, &c.* Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the satire; and not, that any such accident had happened to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author: And since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him, in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style; certain it is, that besides this description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the second satire, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I will therefore transcribe both the passages to justify my opinion. The following are the last verses saving one of the second satire.

Compositum jus, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus

Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto:

The others are those in this present satire, which are subjoined:

— *Trabe rupta, Bruttia Saxa*

Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, surdaque vota,

Condidit Iorio! Jacet ipse in Littore; & una

Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obvia Mergis

Costa ratis laceræ. —

His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
 And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast;
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitless pray'r.
 Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
 Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
 And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
 From 5 thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
 Come; do a noble act of charity;
 A pittance of thy land will set him free.
 Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
 Nor 6 beg with a blue table on his back:
 Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
 'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away;
 What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
 Or 7 without spices let thy body burn?

5 *From thy new hope, &c.* The Latin is, *Nunc & de Cespite, vivo, frange aliquid*. Casaubon only opposes the *Cespes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest or annual income: I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend who has lost all by shipwreck: that is, do not stay until thou hast reaped; but help him immediately as his wants require.

6 *Nor beg with a blue table, &c.* Holiday translates it a green table: The sense is the same; for the table was painted of the sea-colour; which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

7 *Or without spices, &c.* The bodies of the rich before they were burnt, were embalmed with spices: or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relicks of the ashes. Our author here names Cinnamon and Cassia, which Cassia was sophisticated with Cherry-gum: And probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca islands, Ceylon and other parts of the Indies; or whether their Pepper and Cinnamon, &c. were the same with ours, is another question. As for Nutmegs and Mace, it is plain, that the Latin names of them are modern.

If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
 All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
 Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
 We never knew this vain expence, before
 Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
 Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
 And dates and pepper have unfinew'd Rome.
 Our sweating hinds their fallads, now, defile,
 Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
 But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
 And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend? th' express is come
 With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome:
 Cæsar & salutes the queen and senate thus:
 My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
 From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
 Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
 The 9 goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
 Is to the welcome bearer wond'rous kind:
 And, setting her good housewifry aside,
 Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

8 *Cæsar salutes, &c.* The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britains; and accordingly sent letters wrapt about with laurels, to the senate, and the empress Cæsonia, whom I here call queen; though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans: But the word empress would not stand in that verse; for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars, was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory; or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes, which were left on the altars, since some former defeat of the Romans, by the Germans: After which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæsonia*, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

The 1 captive Germans of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know 2 I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expence?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Controul me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does not so large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:
Where none of all my father's sisters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I choose: What him, of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?

1 *The captive Germans, &c.* He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph: Large-bodied men, as they are still; whom the empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

2 *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.* A hundred pair of gladiators, were beyond the purse of any private man to give: Therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
 My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too:
 If father I derive my pedigree,
 I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
 The rest of my forgotten ancestors,
 Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
 To be my heir, who might'st have been my fire?
 In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me
 My 3 torch, when I in course run after thee?
 Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
 With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
 Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
 But take it as it is, and ask no more.

What, when thou hast embezzel'd all thy store?
 Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
 Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
 The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
 All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.
 How little then to my poor share will fall?
 Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
 Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
 Put out thy principal, in trusty hands:
 Live on the use; and never dip thy lands:
 But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend?
 Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
 Is not my fortune at my own command?
 Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
 Upon thy fallads, boy: shall I be fed
 With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?

3 *Shou'dst thou demand of me my torch, &c.* Why shou'dst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my heir, who am much younger? He who was first, in the course, or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

'Tis

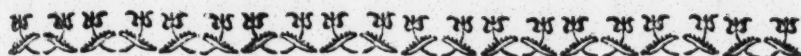
346 The SIXTH SATIRE, &c.

'Tis holiday ; provide me better cheer ;
 'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
 Shall I my household Gods and genius cheat,
 To make him rich, who grudges me my meat ?
 That he may loll at ease ; and pamper'd high,
 When I am laid, may feed on gible-pie ?
 And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
 Have wherewithal his whores to entertain ?
 Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
 His paunch in triumph may before him see ?

Go, miser, go ; for lucre sell thy soul ;
 Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole :
 That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
 See what a vast estate he left his son !
 How large a family of brawny knaves,
 Well fed, and fat as 4 Cappadocian slaves !
 Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store ;
 'Tis done : now double that, and swell the score ;
 To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more. }
 Then say, 5 Chrysippus, thou who wouldst confine
 Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

4 *Well fed and fat as Cappadocian slaves*: Who were famous, for their lustiness ; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to shew the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to shew their activity and strength.

5 *Then say, Chrysippus, &c.* Chrysippus the stoick invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions ; which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint ; so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which, he could not wish for any more.

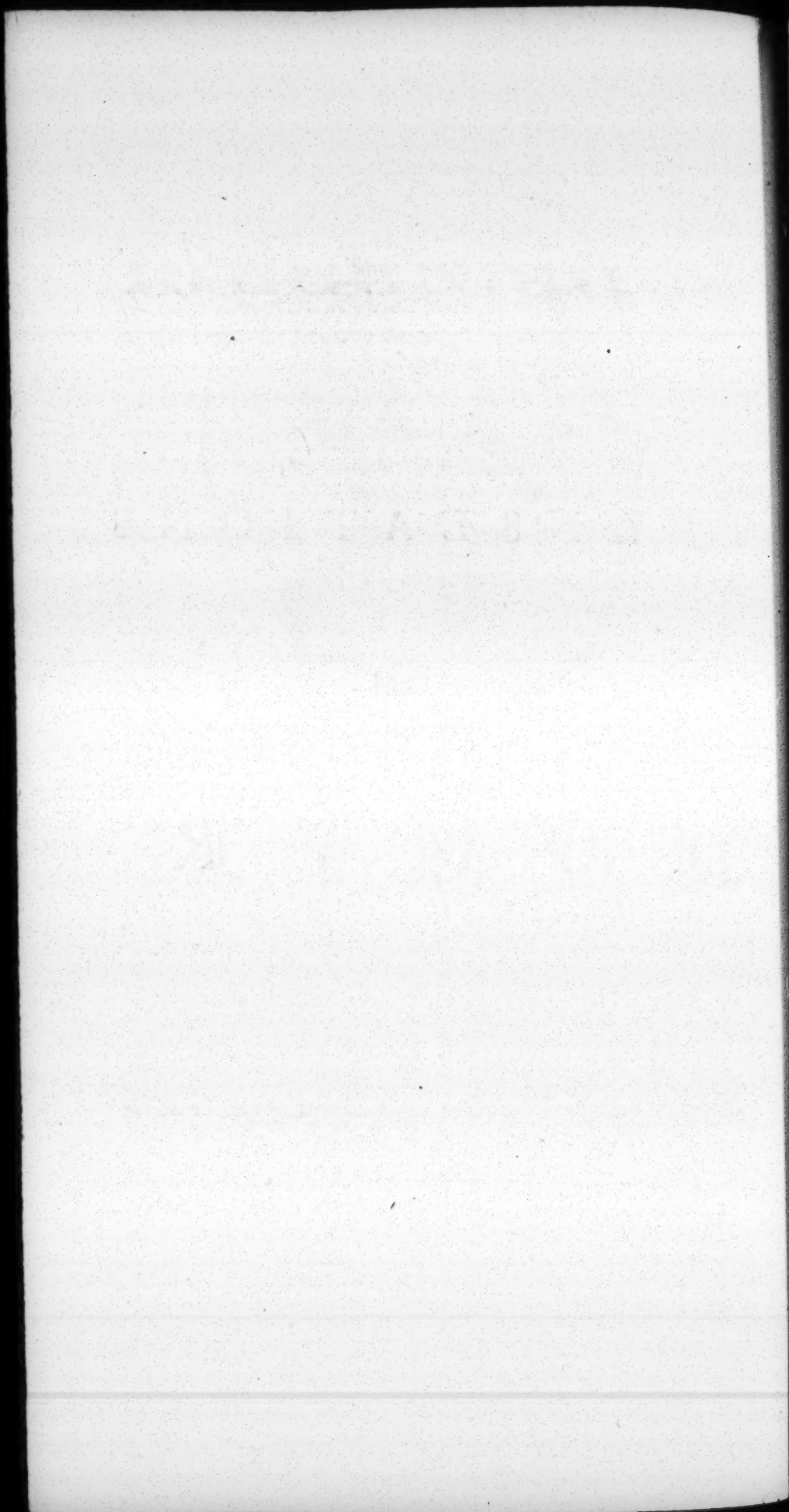


TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER.







THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAS.
THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest

priest craves vengeance of his God ; who sends a plague among the Greeks : which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers : he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him : then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus ; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis ; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her sute. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant ; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound ;
 Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
 And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
 Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night :
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made :
 So was the sov'reign will of Jove obey'd :
 From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
 Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what cause, relate,
 Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate :
 Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
 In vengeance of his violated priest,
 Against the king of men ; who swoln with pride,
 Refus'd his presents, and his pray'rs deny'd.

For

For this the God a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood ;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God :
Bare was his hoary head ; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his scepter of
command.

His suit was common ; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd :

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in heav'nly bow'rs
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take ;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home ;
As you receive the ransom which I bring,
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire ;
And glad with her return her grieving fire.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd ;
And haughty, these opprobrious words return'd :
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight :
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle scepter in thy hand,
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand. }
Hence on thy life : the captive maid is mine ;
Whom not for price or pray'rs I will resign :
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend ;
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend :

This

This, for the night ; by day, the web and loom,
 And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
 Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native home. }

He said : the helpless priest reply'd no more,
 But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding shore :
 Silent he fled ; secure at length he stood,
 Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God,

O source of sacred light, attend my pray'r,
 God with the silver bow, and golden hair ;
 Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
 And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys ;
 If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
 The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
 And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
 Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid.
 Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
 How much thy pow'r is injur'd in thy priest.

He pray'd, and Phœbus hearing, urg'd his flight,
 With fury kindled, from Olympus' height ;
 His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw ;
 His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew,
 Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
 The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
 Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
 And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent :
 Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next ;
 And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
 The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
 Nine days the camp with fun'ral fires was fill'd ;
 The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
 Who bears heav'n's awful scepter in her hand,
 A council summon'd : for the Goddess griev'd
 Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.

The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose ;
 Then from his seat the Goddess-born arose,

And

And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watry plains,
And wand'ring homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence these ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove
are sent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils.

Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian pow'rs to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Pow'rs above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful truths, to those
Whose boundless pow'rs of life and death dispose.
And sov'reigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n tho' th' offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,

Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted pow'r
 Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
 Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
 The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
 Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
 That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
 Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
 To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
 For common good; and speak without controul.
 His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
 That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
 None shall presume to violate those bands;
 Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
 Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.

At this, resum'g heart, the prophet said:
 Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
 On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
 Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
 But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
 Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd priest:
 He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
 And presents are refus'd, and pray'rs preferr'd in vain.
 For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his darts;
 And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
 Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,
 Till the fair slave be render'd to her fire:
 And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
 With sacrifice to reconcile the God:
 Then he, perhaps, atton'd by pray'r, may cease
 His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
 Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
 His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
 Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the fire:

Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
 Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
 For not one bless'd event foretold to me
 Pass'd thro' that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
 And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
 By practice harden'd in thy stand'ring trade.
 Obtending heav'n, for whate'er ills befall;
 And sputt'ring under specious names thy gall.
 Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
 Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
 Since I detain a slave, my sov'reign prize;
 And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
 I love her well: and well her merits claim,
 To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
 Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
 More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
 Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
 With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial
 bow'r.

Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
 For private int'rest ought not to be withstood,
 To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
 But right requires, if I resign my own,
 I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
 Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
 And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
 The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
 It rests for you to make th' equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd:
 O first in pow'r, but passing all in pride,
 Gripping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
 Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, tho' largely foul'd,
 Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
 And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
 Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
 Not to be borne but by a servile race.
 But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
 The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
 Then shall the conqu'ring Greeks thy loss restore,
 And with large int'rest make th' advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd: Tho' thy boast
 Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
 Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
 Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
 In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
 While thou detain'st Briseis in thy hands,
 By priestly glossing on the God's commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
 Else I, assure thy soul, by sov'reign right
 Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
 Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
 What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper time and place;
 To things of greater moment let us pass.
 A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
 Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
 With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of pray'r. }
 The crew well chosen, the command shall be }
 In Ajax; or if other I decree, }
 In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee: }
 Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent }
 For which my pris'ner from my fight is sent;
 (Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent. }
 At this, Achilles roud his furious eyes,
 Fix'd on the king astant; and thus replies.

O, impudent, regardless of thy own,
Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such forc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the furges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heav'n, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Tho' mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give;
Nor murm'ring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldst ingross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn:
The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound,
Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves encompass'd
round,

Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
 We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
 There will not want to follow me in fight:
 Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
 But thou of all the kings (his care below)
 Art least at my command, and most my foe.
 Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;
 Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
 Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
 At least 'tis lent from heav'n; and not thy own.
 Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
 And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
 But mark this menace; since I must resign
 My black-ey'd maid, to please the Pow'r's divine:
 (A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
 Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
 The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
 Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting God.
 This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
 My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
 From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despight,
 This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
 Bribeis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
 What odds of awful pow'r I have on thee:
 That others at thy cost may learn the difference of }
 degree.

At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd:
 His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd.
 And justled by two tides of equal sway,
 Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
 Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd;
 One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd;
 That only counsell'd to the safer side;
 This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
 Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard:
 Nor easy was th' attempt to force the guard.

But

But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood :
Half shone his faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift : (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight should follow ; for she favour'd both :)
Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind ;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew ;
To him, and him alone confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprize :
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke.

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs ?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs ?

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoind :
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sov'reign sway,
And sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect :
Then give thy guardian Gods their due respect ;
And cease contention ; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits : but the sword forbear,
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay :
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.

The youth thus answer'd mild ; Auspicious Maid,
Heav'n's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their pow'rs, provide the recompence.
He said ; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.

Her message done, she mounts the blest'd abodes;
And mix'd among the senate of the Gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd :
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd ;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent :
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent :
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight ;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preace,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace ?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul ;
'Tis death to fight ; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary pow'r,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents ; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this scepter, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall
bear :

Torn from the tree, and giv'n by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no pray'r persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conqu'ring arms, with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride ; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said : and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden scepter threw ;
Then sate : with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reas'ning mild, their madness to compose :
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd ;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd ;

And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private int'rest disunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold agen.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When savage beasts, and men's more savage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdu'd: yet those I sway'd,
With pow'rful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name,
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sov'reign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor, thou, brave champion, with his pow'r contend,
Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd scepters
bend.

The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.

The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my pray'rs be lost.

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.

Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.

Controuling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.

The Gods have giv'n him strength: but whence the stile
Of lawless pow'r assum'd, or licence to revile?

Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.

For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?

Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.

Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Tho' mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:

But she excepted, as unworthy strife,

Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,

Touch ought of mine beside, by lot my due,

But stand aloof, and think profane to view:

This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,

These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.

He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Mean time, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:

And next, to reconcile the shooter God,

Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:

Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand

Ulysses took, intrusted with command:

They plow the liquid seas, and leave the less'ning land. }
Atrides

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
 Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
 With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
 Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
 Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
 And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the sky.
 These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
 For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
 Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
 At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
 Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
 Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
 He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
 And from the Goddess-born demand his prey.
 If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
 The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
 And with arm'd multitudes in person come
 To vindicate his pow'r, and justify his doom.

This hard command unwilling they obey,
 And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
 Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians
 lay.

Their sov'reign seated on his chair, they find;
 His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
 With gloomy looks he saw them ent'ring in
 Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
 Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
 He soon the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
 And thus did liberty of speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
 Awful your character, and uncontroll'd,
 Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand;
 Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.

But

But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian pow'rs oppress'd in fight,
Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's sight,
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said, and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the shore, a pris'ner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suff'ring chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke.

Unhappy parent, of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suff'ring his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave.

Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.

Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born address'd.
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
 We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
 Equal we shar'd them ; but before the rest,
 The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.
 Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
 Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
 Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
 With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God :
 Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his scepter of
 command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
 To both the brother-princes was address'd.
 With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
 To take the gifts, to set the pris'ner free.
 Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
 Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
 The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
 For vengeance to his heav'nly patron pray'd :
 The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
 And granted all to him he held so dear ;
 In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped ;
 And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
 While round the camp he rang'd : at length arose
 A seer who well divin'd ; and durst disclose
 The source of all our ills : I took the word ;
 And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
 The God appeas'd : the swelling monarch storm'd :
 And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd :
 The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
 Have to the royal priest his daughter sent ;
 But from their haughty king his heralds came,
 And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
 By common suffrage giv'n ; but, thou, be won,
 If in thy pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd son :

Ascend the skies ; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that : for often hast thou said
Thy pow'r was once not useles in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heav'n, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name *Ægeon* know :
Twice stronger than his fire, who fate above
Assessor to the throne of thund'ring Jove.)
The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue.
That action to his grateful mind recal ;
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall :
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes ;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp inclose :
Ours beaten to the shore, the siege forsake ;
And what their king deserves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.

To whom the Mother-goddes thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd,
Ah wretched me ! by fates averse, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed !
Did envious heav'n not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain ;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again. }
But now thy planet sheds his pois'nous rays
And short, and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heav'n I will ascend,
And at the Thund'rer's throne thy suit commend.

Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight :
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
For yesterday the court of heav'n with Jove.
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heav'n my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the fire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.

She said: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace :
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Mean time with prosp'rous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port: where ent'ring with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every sail, and drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
The hecatomb to please the shooter-king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her fire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd :
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd ;
And sent by me with presents and with pray'r;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.

He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God

God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
 The sacred Cilla, thou whose awful sway
 Chrysa the blest'd, and Tenedos obey:
 Now hear, as thou before my pray'r hast heard,
 Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
 Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
 Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
 But from th' afflicted host and humbled prince
 Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
 Apollo heard, and conquering his disdain,
 Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of pray'r were past,
 Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
 Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
 The fatted oxen slew, and flea'd the dead.
 Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
 T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
 Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
 About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
 The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
 The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
 The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
 On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
 These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
 They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
 Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
 With sav'ry meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
 The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
 The first libations to the Gods they pour:
 And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
 Holy debauch? Till day to night they bring,
 With hymns and peans to the bowyer king.
 At sun-set to their ship they make return;
 And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.

The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with lab'ring oars they leave the shore:
The Pow'r appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the fides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the strand their gally moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.

Mean time the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying
sounds,

Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to
their place,

Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursu'd their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest,
Him in the circle, but apart, she found;
The rest at awful distance stood around,
She bow'd, and ere she durst her sute begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus. If I, celestial fire, in ought
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.

But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy pow'r, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd, but the confid'ring God was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her sute:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
'That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
'This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd.

Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial pow'r upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid,
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
'The care be mine, to do Pelides right.

Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy sute, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
'The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
'The stamp of heav'n, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head,
With terror trembled heav'n's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil,
'The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of

He moves into his hall: the Pow'rs resort, [light,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent fate low'ring on her face.

With

With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whisp'ring with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddesses are women: and no wife
Has pow'r to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.

To whom the Goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Tho' privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
'Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern reply;
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.

Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
 Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
 For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
 Still watch'd; and importun'd, but worse for thee.
 Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
 The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
 Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
 To lift a hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen sate mute with fear:
 Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
 Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
 Nor could the Gods abash'd, sustain their sov'reign's look.

The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
 And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
 Put in his word, that neither might offend;
 To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
 What end in heav'n will be of civil war,
 If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
 Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
 One grain of bad, embitters all the best.
 Mother, tho' wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
 'Tis much unsafe my fire to disobey.
 Not only you provoke him to your cost,
 But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is lost.
 Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has pow'r
 To throw you headlong, from his heav'nly tow'r.
 But one submissive word; which you let fall,
 Will make him in good humour with us all.

He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
 The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
 Then put it to her hand; and thus pursu'd,
 This curst quarrel be no more renew'd.
 Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
 Tho' griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
 I would not see you beaten; yet afraid
 Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.

Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I, and all the Gods employ'd our pow'r
To break your bonds : me by the heel he drew;
And o'er heav'n's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell ; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests; to see
The limping God so dest at his new ministry.
The feast continu'd till declining light :
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd; and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire ;
The Muses sung ; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house ; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect : the thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to rest; and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd ;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

The Last Parting of
HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.

He found her not at home ; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tow'r of Ilion :
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone ;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane ?
The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove ;

But more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tow'r was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield:
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild,
The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd thro' every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dow'r alone:
Action's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign:
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with her child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd:
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile;
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:

Better

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Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal scepter sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tow'r, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.

}
}
By

By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent :
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen :
With him his greater brother ; and with these
Fierce Diomedes and bold Meriones :
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance ;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care ;
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear :
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forsake the field ?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight :
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall ;
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, tho' built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town ;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r ;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Perish'd, and trembling at a foreign lord ;

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A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
 Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
 And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
 While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
 And from my glory propagate thy shame,
 This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
 With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
 That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
 But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.

He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
 The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
 The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
 And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
 His unknown father shunning with affright,
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
 Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
 And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
 His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
 The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
 Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
 Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
 And you bright synod of the Pow'rs above;
 On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
 Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
 To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
 To shield the people, and assert the crown:
 That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
 And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,

Some

Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.



